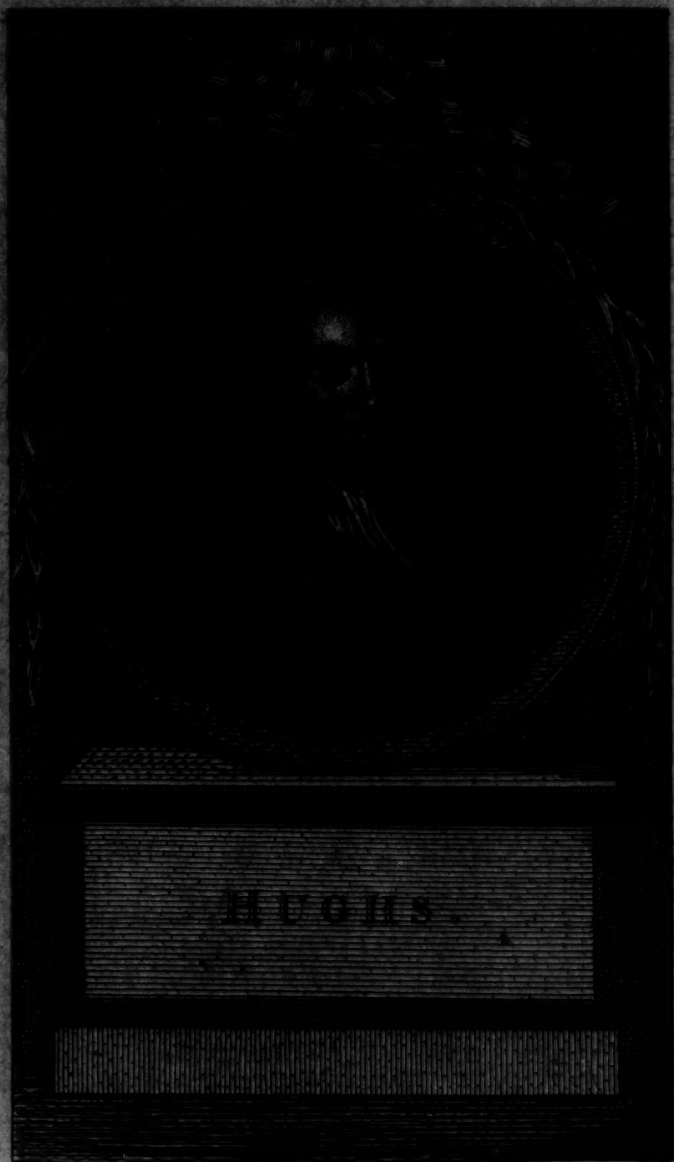
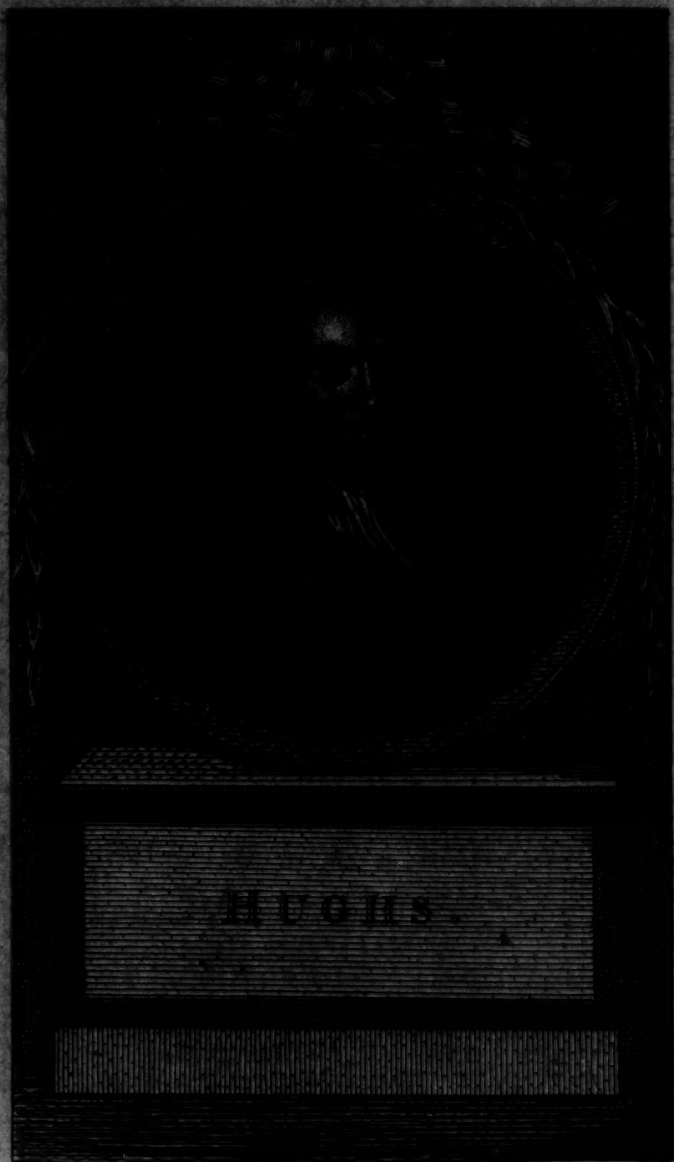




Calhoun



Calhoun

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-SECOND.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY H. GOLDNEY;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVING-
TON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN,
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M DCC LXXIX.

THE
P O E M S
O F
H U G H E S.



THE
P O E M S

O F

JOHN HUGHES, Esq.

B



RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

T O

Mr. JOHN HUGHES,

ON HIS POEM, ENTITLED,

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

INSPIR'D by what melodious HUGHES has sung,
 I'll tune a lyre, that long has lain unstrung;
 Awak'd from drowsy sloth, and soothing rest,
 Poetic transports fire my ravish'd breast!

What pleasure must retiring DRYDEN find,
 To see that art his skilful Muse refin'd,
 So much improv'd by those he leaves behind!
 So when a father sees a careful son

}

Enlarge those coffers, which were first his own,
 With joy to heaven he lifts his aged eyes, 10
 Blesses his prosperous heir, and calmly dies.

May all your fortune, like your numbers, shine,
 And smoothly flow, without one rugged line!
 Till we confess the genius is the same,

That guides your fortune, and poetic flame. 15

So when of old some sportive amorous god
 Vouchsaf'd awhile to leave his blest abode,
 In whatsoever form the guest appear'd,
 His heavenly lustre shone, and was rever'd.

Catharine-Hall,
 Cambridge.

W. Worts.
 February, 1697.

4 RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

To the MEMORY of Mr. HUGHES.

BY MISS JUDITH COWPER *.

ROUND HUGHES's humble, though distinguish'd
urn,

The Muses, wreath'd with baleful cypress, mourn;
In every face a deep distress appears,

Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears:

Such was the scene, when, by the gods requir'd,

Majestic Homer from the world retir'd:

Such grief the Nine o'er Maro's tomb bestow'd;

And tears like these for Addison late flow'd.

Snatch'd from the earth, above its trifling praise,

Thee, HUGHES, to happier climes thy fate conveys; 10

Eas'd of its load, thy gentle spirit roves,

Through realms refulgent, and celestial groves;

The toils of life, the pangs of death, are o'er,

And care, and pain, and sickness, are no more.

O may the spot that holds thy blest remains,

(The noblest spoil earth's spacious breast contains,) 15

Its tribute pay; may richest flowers around,

Spring lightly forth, and mark the sacred ground;

There may thy bays its shady honours spread,

And o'er thy urn eternal odours shed; 20

Immortal

* Daughter of Judge Cowper, afterwards married to Col. Martin Madan, author of the Progress of Poetry, &c. and still living, an ornament to her sex and age. Another of her compositions is prefixed to the Poems of Mr. Pope. N.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES. 5

Immortal as thy fame, and verse, still grow,
Till those shall cease to live, and Thames to flow:

Nature subdued foretold the great decline,
And every heart was plung'd in grief, but thine;
Thy soul, serene, the conflict did maintain, 25

And trac'd the phantom death, in years of pain;
Not years of pain thy steady mind alarm'd,

By judgment strengthen'd, and with virtue arm'd;
Still like thyself, when sinking life ebb'd low,

Nor rashly dar'd, nor meanly fear'd the blow; 30

Loose to the world, of every grace posses'd,

Greatly resign'd, thou fought'st the stranger, REST:

Firm as his fate, so thy own Phocylas dy'd,

While the barb'd arrow trembled in his side.

Drawn by thy pen, the theory we see; 35

The practic part, too soon! beheld in thee.

Who now shall strike the lyre with skill divine,

Who to harmonious sounds * harmonious numbers join!

Who the rapacious tide of vice control,

And, while they charm the sense, reform the soul! 40

In whom the lovely sister-arts unite,

With virtue, solid sense, and boundless wit?

Such was the turn of thy exalted mind,

Sparkling as polish'd gems, as purest gold refin'd.

Great Ruler of our passions! who with art 45

Subdued the fierce, and warm'd the frozen heart,

Bid glory in our breasts with temper beat,

And valour, separate from feverish heat,

B 3

Love,

* Opera of Calypso and Telemachus.

6 RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

Love, in its true, its genuine lustre rise,
 And, in Eudocia, bid it charm our eyes. 50
 Virtue distrest, thy happy lines disclose,
 With more of triumph than a conqueror knows;
 Touch'd by thy hand, our stubborn tempers bend,
 And flowing tears the well-wrought scene attend,
 That silent eloquence thy power approv'd 55
 The cause so great, 'twas generous to be mov'd.

What pleasure can the bursting heart possess,
 In the last parting, and severe distress?
 Can fame, wealth, honour, titles, joy bestow,
 And make the labouring breast with transport glow? 60
 These gaudy trifles gild our morning bright,
 But O! how weak their influence on our night!
 Then fame, wealth, honour, titles, vainly bloom,
 Nor dart one beam of comfort on the gloom;
 But if the struggling soul a joy receives, 65
 'Tis in the just applause, that conscious virtue gives:
 This blameless pride the dying HUGHES possess,
 Soften'd his pain, sat lightly on his breast,
 And sooth'd his unoffending soul to rest. }
 Free from the bigot's fears, or stoick's pride, 70
 Calm as our christian hero liv'd, he dy'd.

As on the utmost verge of life he stood,
 Ready to plunge, and seize th' immortal good,
 Collecting all his rays diffus'd, in one,
 His * last great work with heighten'd lustre shone; 75
 There his just sentiments, transferr'd, we view'd!
 But, while our eyes the shining path pursu'd,

And

* Siege of Damascus.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES. 7

And steep ascent his steady judgment gain'd,
The shining path, alas ! alone remain'd.—

So when the sun to worlds unknown retires, 80
How strong ! how boldly shoot his parting fires !
Larger his setting orb our eyes confess,
Eager we gaze, and the full glory bless;
As o'er the heavens, sublime, his course extends,
With equal state, the radiant globe descends, 85
Sinks, in a cloud of gold, and azure bright,
And leaves, behind, gay tracks of beamy light.

1720.

IF for ourselves the tears profusely flow,
Too justly we indulge the tender woe,
Since thou in virtue's robes wast richly drest,
And of fine arts abundantly possessest !
But if we rather should congratulate 3
A friend's enlargement and exalted state;
Resign'd to Providence, what can we less
Than chearful hail thy long'd-for happiness,
Who now, releas'd from every piercing pain,
Dost in the realms of light triumphant reign ! 10

February, 1719-20.

W. DUNCOMBE.

B 4

T O

3 RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

O LOST too early ! and too lately known !
My love's intended marks receive in one ;
Where, new to ease, and recent from thy pains,
With ampler joy thou tread'st the blissful plains :
If there, regardless of the ways of men,
Thou seest with pity, what thou once hast been,
O gentle shade ! accept this humble verse,
Amidst the meaner honours of thy hearse.

How does thy Phocyas warm Britannia's youth,
In arms to glory, and in love to truth !
Oh ! if the Muse of future aught presage,
These seeds shall ripen in the coming age ;
Then youths, renown'd for many a field well-fought,
Shall own the glorious lessons thou hast taught ;
Honour's strict laws shall reign in every mind,
And every Phocyas his Eudocia find.
O ! yet be this the lowest of thy fame,
To form the hero, and instruct the dame ;
I see the christian, friend, relation, son,
Burn for the glorious course that thou hast run.

If aught we owe thy pencil, or thy lyre,
Of manly strokes, or of superior fire,
How must thy Muse be ever own'd divine,
And in the sacred list unrival'd shine !
Nor joyous health was thine, nor downy ease ;
To thee forbidden was the soft recess ;

Worn

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES. 9

Worn with disease, and never-ceasing pain,
How firmly did thy soul her seat maintain!
Early thy side the mortal shaft receiv'd,
All, but the wounded hero, saw and griev'd. 30
No sense of smart, no anguish, could control,
Or turn the generous purpose of his soul.
Witness ye nobler arts, by heaven design'd
To charm the senses, and improve the mind,
How through your mazes, with incessant toil, 35
He urg'd his way to reap th' immortal spoil!
So fabled Orpheus tun'd his potent song,
Death's circling shades and Stygian glooms among.

Of thy great labours this, the last* and chief,
At once demands our wonder, and our grief; 40
Thy soul in clouded majesty till now,
Its finish'd beauties did but partly show,
Wondering we saw disclos'd the ample store,
Griev'd in that instant, to expect no more.

So in the evening of some doubtful day, 45
And clouds divided with a mingled ray,
Haply the golden sun unveils his light,
And his whole glories spreads at once to fight;
Th' enliven'd world look up with gladsome cheer,
Bless the gay scene, nor heed the night so near; 50
Sudden, the lucent orb drops swiftly down
Through western skies, to shine in worlds unknown,

March 18, 1720.

WM. COWPER.

FROM

* The Siege of Damascus.

10 RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

FROM thy long languishing, and painful strife
 Of breath and labour drawn, and wasting life,
 Accomplish'd spirit! thou at length art free,
 Born into bliss and immortality!
 Thy struggles are no more; the palm is won; 3
 Thy brows encircled with the victor's crown;
 While lonely left, and desolate below,
 Full grief I feel, and all a BROTHER's woe!
 Yet would I linger on, a little space,
 Before I close my quick-expiring race, 10
 Till I have gather'd up, with grateful pains,
 Thy WORKS, thy dear unperishing remains;
 An undecaying MONUMENT to stand,
 Rais'd to thy name by thy own skilful hand.
 Then let me wing from earth my willing way, 15
 To meet thy soul in blaze of living day,
 Rapt to the skies, like thee, with joyful flight,
 An inmate of the heavens, adopted into light!

30 March, 1720.

JABEZ HUGHES.

Ob. 17 Jan. 1731.

Anno Æt. 46.

IMMOR-

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES. 11

IMMORTAL Bard ! though from the world retir'd,
Still known to fame, still honour'd, and admir'd !
While, fill'd with joy, in happier realms you stray,
And dwell in mansions of eternal day ;
While you, conspicuous through the heavenly choir, 5
With swelling rapture tune the chosen lyre ;
Where echoing angels the glad notes prolong,
Or with attentive silence crown your song ;
Forgive the Muse that in unequal lays
Offers this humble tribute of her praise. 10

Lost in thy works, how oft I pass the day,
While the swift hours steal unperceiv'd away ;
There, in sweet union, wit and virtue charm,
And noblest sentiments the bosom warm ;
The brave, the wise, the virtuous, and the fair, 15
May view themselves in fadeless colours there.

Through every polish'd piece correctness flows.
Yet each bright page with sprightly fancy glows ;
Oh ! happy elegance, where thus are join'd.
A solid judgment, and a wit refin'd ! 20

Here injur'd Phocylas and Eudocia claim
A lasting pity and a lasting fame :
Thy heroine's softer virtues charm the sight,
And fill our souls with ravishing delight.
Exalted love and dauntless courage meet, 25
To make thy hero's character compleat.
This finish'd piece the noblest pens commend ;
And ev'n the critics are the poet's friend.

Led

32 RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

Led on by thee, those * flowery paths I view,
 For ever lovely, and for ever new, 30
 Where all the Graces with joint force engage,
 To stem th' impetuous follies of the age:
 Virtue, there deck'd in ever-blooming charms,
 With such resistless rays of beauty warms,
 That Vice, abash'd, confounded, skulks away, 35
 As night retires at dawn of rosy day.

Struck with his guilt, the hardy Atheist dreads
 Approaching fate, and trembles as he reads:
 Vanquish'd by reason, yet ashamed to fly,
 He dares not own a God, nor yet deny: 40
 Convinc'd, though late, forgiveness he implores;
 Shrinks from the jaws of hell, and heaven adores.

Hither the wild, the frolick, and the gay,
 As thoughtless through their wanton rounds they stray,
 Compell'd by fame, repair with curious eye, 45
 And their own various forms with wonder spy.
 The censor so polite, so kindly true,
 They see their faults, and sicken at the view.
 Hence trifling Damon ceases to be vain;
 And Clœe scorns to give her lover pain: 50
 Strephon is true, who ne'er was true before;
 And Cælia bids him love, but not adore.

Though ADDISON and STEELE the honour claim,
 Here to stand foremost on the list of fame;
 Yet still the traces of thy hand we see, 55
 Some of the brightest thoughts are due to thee.

Whl

* Alluding to the Spectators written by Mr. Hughes.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES. 13

While then for those illustrious bards we mourn,
The Muse shall visit thy DISTINGUISH'D URN;
With copious tears bedew the sacred ground,
And plant the never-fading bay around. 60

Here through the gloom, aspiring bards explore
These awful relicks, and be vain no more :
Learning, and wit, and fame itself must die ;
VIRTUE alone can towering reach the sky.
This crown'd his life. Admire not, heaven in view, 56
He to the glorious prize with transport flew.
A fate so blest should check our streaming woe,
He reigns above, his works survive below.

J. BUNCE,

Late of Trinity-Hall,
Cambridge.

14 RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

IN MEMORIAM VIRI CLARISSIMI

JOHANNIS HUGHES.

OCCIDIT heu nimium fato sublatus acerbo,
Occidit Aonidûm decus ille dolorque sororum !

Quæ te, magne, tuis rapuit fors aspera, vates ?
Quo fugis, ah ! nostras nunquam rediturus in oras !

En ! tibi ferali crinem cinxêre cupresso,
Et circum cineres Parnassia numina lugent.

Ipsa tuam flet adhuc, flebitque Britannia mortem :
Te patria exposcit, fœcundaque criminis ætas.

Non tua te pietas, non candida vita, nec artes
Ingenuæ, duro juvenem eripûere sepulchro !

Sed tibi mors longos nequicquam inviderit annos,
Dum maneant claræ monumenta perennia famæ,
Dircæusque volet superas suos ales in auras.

• Spernis tripta sonans plectrum, tenuisque camœnæ
Haud petis auxilium : terris te plena relictis
Mens rapit impavidum, cœlique per ardua ducit.

Jam procul ex oculis gentes & regna recedunt ;
Jam tellus perit, & punctum vix cernitur orbis.

At vos, immensi placidissima lumina mundi,
Sol, Luna, æterno meritas O ! pangite laudes

Auctori dominoque ; suis concussa tremiscat
Sedibus, & magnum agnoscat Natura Parentem,

Dum vates arcana, parum sententia vulgi

Ut stet sollicitus, sublimi carmine pandit !

Qualis verborum pompa ! ut ruit ore profundo
Fervidus, ingenii caleat cum Spiritus ingens !

Nec

• Hæc, & proxima alludunt ad sublimia illa au-
thoris nostri Poemata, quibus Tituli, HYMNUS AD
CREATOREM MUNDI, & ECSTASIS.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES. 15

Nec minor incedis, tragico indignusve cothurno.
Dum tuus Arabicos Phocyas ruit acer in hostes,
Quis non æqualis toto sub pectore flammæ
Concipit, & simili laudis fervescit amore ! 30
O qualis linguæ divina potentia ! quali
Arte trahis faciles animos ; seu pectora flecti
Dura jubes, & pulchræ acuis virtutis honore ;
Sive intus placidos Eudocia concitet ignes ;
Ah nimium, nimium infelix Eudocia ! quem non 35
Sors tua sæva movet ? madidi vectigal ocelli
Quis neget ? infauktos quis non deploret amores ?
O semper damnata pati fata aspera virtus !
At tibi quis sensus, quæ mens, Eudocia, cum jam
Extrahit infixam Phocyas tua flamma sagittam, 40
Securus fati, vitamque ex vulnere fundit ?
Quis satis ingenium comis miretur Abudæ ?
Quam piger ad pœnas, miserumque benignus in hos-
tem !
Exemplar vel Christiadis imitabile, mores
Digni etiam meliore fide ! O quam, nube remotâ 45
Erroris, tanti eniteant pietatis honores !
Sed quid ego plura hîc laudare nitentia pergâ ?
Tota nitet, pulchro tota ordine fabrica surgit,
Et delectamur passim, passimque monemur.

E Coll. Mert.
Oxon.

L. DUNCOMBE.

Amabilis Juvenis, hujus Carminis Author,

Obiit 26 Decem. 1730 ; Anno Ætatis 19.

“—Nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbrâ.” VIRG.

PRO.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE MEMORY OF

M R. H U G H E S.

Spoken by Mr. MILWARD, on the Revival of The
SIEGE of DAMASCUS, at the Theatre-Royal in
Drury-Lane, 22 March, 1734-5.

HERE force and fancy, with united charms,
Mingle the sweets of love with war's alarms.

Our author shows, in Eastern pomp array'd,
The conquering hero and the constant maid.
None better knew, such noble heights to soar,
Though Phædra, and though Cato charm'd before.

While in the lustre of his glowing lines,
Th' Arabian paradise so gaily shines,
With winy rivers, racy fruits supply'd,
And beauties sparkling in immortal pride;
Gallants, you'll own that a resistless fire
Did justly their enamour'd breasts inspire.

At first, a numerous audience crown'd this play,
And kind applauses mark'd its happy way,
While He, like his own Phocyas, snatch'd from view,
To fairer realms with ripen'd glory flew.
Humane, though witty; humble, though admir'd;
Wept by the great, the virtuous sage expir'd!

Still may the bard, beneath kind planets born,
Whom every Grace and every Muse adorn,
Whose spreading fame has reach'd to foreign lands,
Receive some tribute too from British hands.

THE

THE
TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

OCCASIONED BY THE PEACE OF RESWICK,

1697.

HEAR, Britain, hear a rough unpractis'd
tongue!

Though rough my voice, the Muse inspires the song,
The heaven-born Muse; ev'n now she springs her
flight,

And bears my raptur'd soul through untrac'd realms
of light.

We mount aloft, and, in our airy way, 5
Retiring kingdoms far beneath survey.

Amid the rest a spacious tract appears,
Obscure in view, and on its visage wears
Black hovering mists, which, thickening by degrees,
Extend a louring storm o'er earth and seas. 10

But, lo! an Eastern light, arising high,
Drives the tempestuous wreck along the sky!

Then thus the Muse—Look down, my son! and see
The bright procession of a deity!

She spoke; the storm dispers'd; vanish'd the night; 15
And well-known Europe stands disclos'd to sight.

Of various states, the various bounds appear;
There wide Hispania, fruitful Gallia here;
Belgia's moist soil, conspicuous from afar,
And Flandria, long the field of a destructive war. 20

C

Germania

Germania too, with cluster'd vines o'erspread ;
 And lovely Albion from her watery bed,
 Beauteous above the rest, rears her auspicious head. }

Beneath her chalky cliffs, sea-nymphs resort,
 And awful Neptune keeps his reedy court ; 25

His darling Thames, rich presents in his hand
 Of bounteous Ceres, traverses the land ;
 And seems a mighty snake, whose shining pride
 Does through the meads in sinuous volumes glide.

Ah, charming isle ! fairest of all the main ! 30
 Too long thou dost my willing eye detain.

For see a hero on the adverse strand !

And, lo ! a blooming virgin in his hand !

All hail, celestial pair ! — a goddess she,

Of heavenly birth confess, a more than mortal, He ! 35

Victorious laurels on his brows he wears ;

Th' attending fair a branching Olive bears ;

Slender her shape, in silver bands confin'd ;

Her snowy garments loosely flow behind,

Rich with embroider'd stars, and ruffle in the wind. 40 }

But once such differing beauty met before,

When warrior Mars did Love's bright queen adore ;

Ev'n Love's bright queen might seem less winning fair,

And Mars submit to his heroic air.

Not Jove himself, imperial Jove can show 45

A nobler Mien, or more undaunted brow,

When his strong arm, through heav'n's ætherial plains,

Compels the kindled bolt, and awful rule maintains.

And now embark'd they seek the British Isles.

Pleas'd with the charge, propitious Ocean smiles. 50

Before

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE. 19

Before, old Neptune smooths the liquid way ;
 Obsequious Tritons on the surface play ;
 And sportful dolphins, with a nimble glance,
 To the bright sun their glittering scales advance.
 In oozy beds profound, the billows sleep, 55
 No clamorous winds awake the silent deep ;
 Rebuk'd, they whisper in a gentle breeze,
 And all around is universal peace.

Proceed, my Muse ! The following pomp declare ;
 Say who, and what, the bright attendants were ! 60
 First Ceres, in her chariot seated high,
 By harness'd dragons drawn along the sky ;
 A Cornucopia fill'd her weaker hand,
 Charg'd with the various offspring of the land,
 Fruit, flowers, and corn ; her right a sickle bore ; 65
 A yellow wreath of twisted wheat she wore.
 Next father Bacchus with his tigers grac'd
 The show, and, squeezing clusters as he pass'd,
 Quaff'd flowing goblets of rich-flavour'd wine.
 In order, last succeed the tuneful Nine ; 70
 Apollo too was there ; behind him hung
 His useless quiver, and his bow unstrung ;
 He touch'd his golden lyre, and thus he sung. }

“ Lead on, great WILLIAM ! in thy happy reign
 “ Peace and the Muses are restor'd again. 75
 “ War, that fierce lion, long disdain'd law,
 “ Rang'd uncontroll'd, and kept the world in awe, }
 “ While trembling kingdoms crouch'd beneath his
 “ paw.

" At last the reeling monster, drunk with gore,
 " Falls at thy feet subdued, and quells his roar; 80
 " Tamely to thee he bends his shaggy mane,
 " And on his neck admits the long-rejected chain.
 " At thy protecting court, for this blest day,
 " Attending nations their glad thanks shall pay:
 " Not Belgia, and the rescued isle alone, 85
 " But Europe shall her great deliverer own.
 " Rome's mighty grandeur was not more confess'd,
 " When great Antonius travel'd through the East,
 " And crouds of monarchs did each morning wait
 " With early homage at his palace gate. 90
 " Haste then, bright prince! thy Britain's transport
 " meet;

" Haste to her arms, and make her bliss complete!
 " Whate'er glad news has reach'd her listening ear
 " While her long-absent lord provokes her fear, }
 " Her joys are in suspense, her pleasures unsincere. } 95
 " He comes, thy hero comes! O beauteous isle!
 " Revive thy genius with a chearful smile!
 " Let thy rejoicing sons fresh palms prepare,
 " To grace the trophies of the finish'd war;
 " On high he hung the martial sword insheath'd, 100
 " The shield with ribbons dress'd, and spear with ivy
 " wreath'd!

" Let speaking paint in various tablets show
 " Past scenes of battle to the croud below!
 " Round this triumphant pile, in rustic dance,
 " The shouting swains shall hand in hand advance; 105
 " The

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE. 21

" The wealthy farmer from his toils shall cease ;
 " The ploughman from the yoke his smoking steers
 " release,
 " And join to solemnize the festival of peace.
 " No more for want of hands th' unlabour'd field,
 " Choak'd with rank weeds, a sickly crop shall yield : 110
 " Calm peace returns ; behold her shining train !
 " And fruitful plenty is restor'd again."—

Apollo ceas'd.—The Muses take the sound,
 From voice to voice th' harmonious notes rebound,
 And echoing lyres transmit the volant fugue a-
 round ! 115

Mean while the steady bark, with prosperous gales,
 Fills the large sheets of her expanded sails,
 And gains th' intended port ; thick on the strand,
 Like swarming bees, th' assembled Britons stand,
 And press to see their welcome sovereign land : 120
 At his approach, unruly transport reigns
 In every breast, and rapture fires their veins.
 A general shout succeeds, as when on high
 Exploded thunder rends the vaulted sky.
 A short convulsion shakes the solid shore, 125
 And rocks th' adjacent deep, unmov'd before ;
 Loud acclamations through the valleys ring,
 While to Augusta's wall the croud attend their king.

And now behold * a finish'd temple rise,
 On lofty pillars climbing to the skies ! 130

C 3

Of

* The choir of St. Paul's was first opened on the
 day of thanksgiving for the peace.

Of bulk stupendous, its proud pile it rears,
 The gradual product of successive years.
 An inner gate, that folds with iron leaves,
 The charm'd spectator's entering steps receives,
 Where curious works in twisted stems are seen 135
 Of branching foliage, vacuous between.
 O'er this a vocal organ, mounted high
 On marble columns, strikes the wondering eye;
 And feeds at once two senses with delight,
 Sweet to the ear, and splendid to the sight. 140
 Marble the floor, enrich'd with native stains
 Of various dye, and streak'd with azure veins.
 Ev'n emulous art with nature seems to strive,
 And the carv'd figures almost breathe and live;
 The painted altar, glorious to behold, 145
 Shines with delightful blue, and dazzling gold.
 Here first th' illustrious three, of heavenly race,
 Religion, Liberty, and Peace, embrace;
 Here joyful crouds their pious thanks express,
 For Peace restor'd, and heaven's indulgence blest 150
 Auspicious structure! born in happy days,
 Whose first employment is the noblest, praise!
 So, when by just degrees th' eternal Thought
 His six days labour to perfection brought,
 With laws of motion first endued the whole, 155
 And bade the heavens in destin'd circles roll,
 The polish'd spheres commenc'd their harmony;
 All nature in a chorus did agree,
 And the world's birth-day was a jubilee.

THE COURT OF NEPTUNE.

ON KING WILLIAM'S RETURN, FROM
HOLLAND, 1699.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.

BEGIN, celestial Muse! a tuneful strain
Of Albion's prince conducted o'er the main;
Of courts conceal'd in waves, and Neptune's watery
reign;

Sing, from beneath, how the green deity
Rose to the sovereign of the British sea;
To power confess'd; the triple mace resign'd,
O'er-rul'd the floods, and charg'd the rebel wind;
Secur'd his passage homeward, and restor'd,
Safe to the loveliest isle, the best lov'd lord.

The generous name of MONTAGUE has long
Been fam'd in verse, and grac'd the poet's song;
In verse, himself can happy wonders do,
The best of patrons, and of poets too.
Amid the skillful choir that court his ear,
If he vouchsafe these ruder lays to hear,
His bright example, while to him I sing,
Shall raise my feeble flight, and mount me on the wing.

On Albion's Eastern coast, an * ancient town
O'erlooks the sea, to mariners well known;
Where the swift † Stourus ends his snaky train,
And pays his watery tribute to the main:

C 4 Stourus,
* Harwich.

† The River Stoure, that runs between Suffolk and Essex.

Stourus, whose stream, prolific as it glides,
 Two fertile counties in its course divides,
 And rolls to seaward with a lover's pace :
 There beauteous Orwell meets his fond embrace ; 25
 They mix their amorous streams, the briny tide
 Receives them join'd ; their crooked shores provide
 A spacious bay within, for anchor'd ships to ride. }
 Here, on the margin of the rolling flood,
 Divinely fair, like sea-born Venus, stood 30
 Britannia's genius, in a robe array'd
 Of broider'd arms, and heraldry display'd ;
 A crown of cities charg'd her graceful brows ;
 In waving curls her hair luxuriant flows ;
 Celestial glories in her eyes are seen ; 35
 Her stature tall, majestic is her mien.
 With such a presence, through th' adoring skies
 Shines the great parent of the deities ; }
 Such towery honours on her temples rise,
 When, drawn by lions, she proceeds in state ; 40
 Trains of attendant-gods around her chariot wait ;
 The mother-goddes, with superior grace,
 Surveys, and numbers o'er her bright immortal race.
 While thus the lovely Genius hovers o'er
 The water's brink, and from the sandy shore 45
 Beholds th' alternate billows fall and rise
 (By turns they sink below, by turns they mount the
 skies) :

“ And must, she said——

“ Then paus'd, and drew a sigh of anxious love ;

“ Must my dear lord this faithless ocean prove ; 50

“ Escap'd

THE COURT OF NEPTUNE. 25

“ Escap’d the chance of war, and fraud of foes,
“ Wilt thou to warring waves thy sacred life expose;
“ Why am I thus divided by the sea,
“ From all the world, and all the world in thee?
“ Could sighs and tears the rage of tempests bind, 55
“ With tears I’d bribe the seas, with sighs the wind:
“ Soft-sighing gales thy canvas should inspire;
“ But hence, ye boisterous storms! far hence retire
“ To inland woods; there your mad powers appease,
“ And scour the dusty plains, or strip the forest trees; 60
“ Or lodg’d in hollow rocks profoundly sleep,
“ And rest from the loud labours of the deep!
“ Why should I fear?—If heroes be the care
“ Of heaven above, and heaven inclines to prayer,
“ Thou sail’st secure; my sons with lifted eyes, 65
“ And pious vows, for thee have gain’d the skies.
“ Come then, my much-lov’d lord! No more th’ alarms
“ Of wasteful war require thee from my arms.
“ Thy sword gives plenteous peace; but without thee,
“ Peace has no charms, and plenty’s poverty: 70
“ At length enjoy, for whom you’ve fought, the queen
“ Of islands, bright, majestic, and serene!
“ Unveil’d from clouds, which did her form disguise,
“ And hid a thousand beauties from thy eyes.
“ A thousand treasures unsurvey’d invite 75
“ Their lord to various scenes of new delight.
“ Come see the dower I brought! My spacious downs,
“ My numerous counties, and my ancient towns;
“ Landskips of rising mountains, shaggy woods,
“ Green vallies, smiling meadows, silver floods, 80
“ And

" And plains with lowing herds enrich'd around,
 " The hills with flocks, the flocks with fleeces crown'd,
 " All these with native wealth thy power maintain,
 " And bloom with blessings of thy easy reign.
 " Haste, hoist thy sails ! and through the foamy
 " brine,

85

" Rush to my arms ! henceforth be wholly mine ;
 " After nine toilsome years, let slaughter cease,
 " And flourish now secure, in the soft arts of peace !"

She said ; th' intreated winds her accents bore,
 And wing'd the message to the Belgic shore.

90

The pious hero heard, nor could delay
 To meet the lovely voice, that summon'd him away ;
 The lovely voice, whose soft-complaining charms
 Before had call'd the succour of his arms,
 Nor call'd in vain ; when fir'd with generous rage

95

T' oppose the fury of a barbarous age,
 Like Jove with awful thunder in his hand,
 Through storms and fleets at sea, and foes at land,
 He urg'd his daring way ; before his sight
 On silver wings, bright Glory took her flight,
 And left, to guide his course, long shining tracks
 of light !

100

And now once more embark'd, propitious gales
 Blow fresh from shore, and fill his hollow sails.

As when the golden god, that rules the day,
 Drives down his flaming chariot to the sea,
 And leaves the nations here involv'd in night,
 To distant regions he transports his light ;

105

So

THE COURT OF NEPTUNE. 27

So WILLIAM's rays, by turns, two nations chear ;
And when he sets to them, he rises here.

Forfaken Belgia, ere the ship withdrew, 110
Shed generous tears, and breath'd this soft adieu ;

" Since empire calls thee, and a glorious throne,

" Thy people's weighty interests, and thy own ;

" (Though struggling love would fain persuade thy
" stay)

" Go, where thy better fortune leads the way ! 115

" Mean while my loss, allow me to complain,

" And wish—ah no ! that partial wish were vain.

" Though honour'd Crete had nurs'd the thundering
" God,

" Crete was not always blest with his abode ;

" Nor was it fit, that WILLIAM's godlike mind, 120

" For nations born, should be to One confin'd.

" This only grant, since I must ask no more,

" Revisit once again your native shore !

" That hope my sorrows shall beguile ; and thou,

" My happy rival ! wilt that hope allow ; 125 }

" 'Tis all th' enjoyment, fate has left me now.

" So may'st thou, fair Britannia ! ever be

" Firm to thy sovereign's love, and his to thee !

" While widow'd I"—There rising sighs repress'd
Her fainting voice, and stifled—in the rest. 130

Now, while the bounding vessel drives before

The gusty gales, and leaves the lessening shore,

Behold the parting clouds to distance fly,

And golden glories, pouring from on high

New dress the day, and chear th' enlighten'd sky ! 135 }

One

One shooting beam, like lightning doubly bright,
Darts on the middle main its streaming light.

Lo! WILLIAM's guardian angel there descends;
To Neptune's court his heavenly message tends:

In arms celestial, how he shines afar, 140

Like Pallas marching to th' awaken'd war!

His left hand gripes a spacious orb of shield,

With thousand intercepted dangers fill'd,

And deaths of various kind; his right displays

A temper'd blade, that spreads a formidable blaze. 145

He strikes the waves; th' obsequious waves obey,

And, opening in a gulph, disclose the downward way.

O Muse! by thee conducted down, I dare

The secrets of the watery world declare;

For nothing scapes thy view; to thee 'tis given, 150

To range the space of earth, and seas, and heaven,

Descry a thousand forms, conceal'd from sight,

And in immortal verse to give the visions light.

A rock there lies, in depth of sea profound;

About its clefts, rich beds of pearl abound, 155

Where sportful nature, covering her retreat

With flowing waters, holds her secret seat:

In woods of coral, intricate she strays,

And wreathes the shells of fish a thousand ways,

And animates the spawn of all her finny race. 160

Th' unnumber'd species of the fertile tide,

In shoals, around their mighty mother, glide.

From out the rock's wide cavern's deep below,

The rushing ocean rises to its flow;

And,

THE COURT OF NEPTUNE. 29

And, ebbing, here retires; within its sides, 165

In roomy caves the god of sea resides.

Pillars unhewn, of living stone, bear high

His vaulted courts; in storms the billows fly

O'er th' echoing roof, like thunder through the
skies,

And warn the ruler of the floods to rise, 170

And check the raving winds, and the swollen
waves chastise.

Rich spoils, by plundering tempests hither borne,

An universe of wealth, the palace-rooms adorn.

Before its entrance, broken wrecks are seen

In heaps deform'd, a melancholy scene. 175

But far within, upon a mossy throne,

With washy ooze and samphire overgrown,

The sea-green king his forky sceptre rears;

Awful his aspect, numerous are his years.

A pearly crown circles his brows divine; 180

His beard and dewy hair shed trickling drops of brine.

The river-gods, his numerous progeny,

On beds of rushes round their parent lie.

Here Danube and the Rhine; Nile's secret source

Dwells here conceal'd; hence Tiber takes his course; 185

Hence rapid Rhodanus his current pours;

And, issuing from his urn, majestic Padus roars;

And Alpheus seeks, with silent pace, the lov'd Sici-
lian shores.

But, chief in honour, Neptune's darling son,

The beauteous Thames lies nearest to his throne. 190

Nor

Nor thou, fair Boyne ! shalt pass unmention'd by,
Already sung in strains that ne'er shall die.

These, and a thousand more, whose winding trains
Seek various lands, the wealthy fire maintains;
Each day, the fluid portions he divides, 195
And fills their craving urns with fresh-recruited tides.
But not alike ; for oft his partial care
Bestows on some a disproportion'd share ;
From whence their swelling currents, o'er-supply'd,
Through delug'd fields in noisy triumph ride. 200

The God was just preparing to renew
His daily task, when sudden in his view
Appear'd the guardian power, all dazzling-bright ;
And, entering, flash'd the caves with beamy light.
Boyne, Rhine, the Sambre, on their banks had seen 205
The glorious form, and knew his martial mien ;
In throngs th' admiring Nereids round him press'd,
And Tritons croud to view the heavenly guest.
Then thus, advancing, he his will explains,
" O mighty sovereign of the liquid plains ! 210
" Haste, to the surface of the deep repair,
" This solemn day requires thy presence there,
" To rule the storms, the rising waves restrain,
" And shake thy sceptre o'er the govern'd main.
" By breathing gales on thy dominions driven 215
" To thee, three kingdoms hopes in charge are given,
" The glory of the world, and best-belov'd of heaven. }
" Behold him figur'd here !"—He said, and held,
Resulgent to his view, the guardian shield.

On

THE COURT OF NEPTUNE. 31

On the rich mould, inwrought with skill divine, 220
Great WILLIAM's wars in splendid sculpture shine.

Here, how his saving power was first display'd,
And Holland rescued by his youthful aid ;
When, kindling in his soul, the martial flame
Broke fiercely out, preluding future fame, 223

And round the frontiers dealt avenging fire ;
Swift from the hot pursuit the blasted foes retire.

Then battles, sieges, camps are grav'd afar,
And the long progress of the dreadful war.

Above the rest, Seneffe's immortal fight, 230
In larger figures offer'd to the sight,
With martial terror charms, and gives a fierce delight, }

Here the confederate troops are forc'd to yield,
Driven by unequal numbers through the field :
With his bright sword, young NASSAU there withstands
Their flight ; with prayers and blows he urges his
commands,

Upbraids their fainting force, and boldly throws
Himself the first amidst the wondering foes.

What dare not men, by such a general led ?
Rallying with shouts, their Hero at their head, 240

Fir'd with new rage, ashamed they once did fly,
Resolv'd t' o'ercome, or resolute to die, }

Through trampled heaps of slain they rush to victory. }

Earth trembles at the charge ; Death, Blood, and Prey, }

Insatiate riot all the murderous day ; 245 }

Nor night it self their fury can allay ;
Till the pale moon, that sickens at the sight,
Retires behind a cloud, to blind the bloody fight.

Again,

Again, the shield in savage prospect shows
 An ancient* abbey, which rough woods inclose; 250
 And precipices vast abruptly rise,
 Where, safe encamp'd, proud Luxembourg defies
 All open violence, or close surprize. }

But see! a second Hannibal from far,
 Up the steep height, conducts th' entangled war. 255
 Brave Offory, attended with the pride
 Of English valour, charges by his side.

Inclos'd they fight; the forests shine around
 With flashing fires; the thunder'd hills rebound,
 And the shock'd country, wide beneath, rebel-
 lows to the sound. 260 }

Forc'd from their holds, at length they speed their flight;
 Rich tents, and stores of war, the victor's toils requite.
 Then peace ensues; and, in a shining train,
 The friendly chiefs assemble on the plain.

An ardent zeal the Gallic general warms 265
 To see the youth, that kindled such alarms;
 Wondering he views; secure the soldiers press
 Round their late dread, and the glad treaty bless.

Next, on the broad circumference is wrought
 The nine years war for lov'd Britannia fought; 270
 The cause the same: fair Liberty betray'd,
 And banish'd Justice, fly to him for aid.
 Here sailing ships are drawn, the crowded strand,
 And heaven's avenger hastening to the land.

Oppression,

* St. Dennis near Mons.

THE COURT OF NEPTUNE. 33

Oppression, Fraud, Confusion, and Affright, 275 }
 Fierce fiends, that ravag'd in the gloomy night
 Of lawless power, defeated, fly before his dazzling light. }

So to th' eclipsing moon, by the still side
 Of some lone thicket, reveling hags provide
 Dire charms, that threat the sleeping neighbourhood, 280
 And quaff, with magic mix'd, vast bowls of human
 blood;

But, when the dawn reveals the purple east,
 They vanish sullen from th' unfinish'd feast.
 Here joyful crouds triumphant arches rear
 To their deliverer's praise; glad senates there, 285 }
 In splendid pomp, the regal state confer. }

Hibernia's fields new triumphs then supply;
 The rival kings, in arms, the fate of empire try.
 See where the Boyne two warring hosts divides,
 And rolls between the fight his murmuring tides! 290
 In vain—hills, forests, streams, must all give place,
 When William leads, and victory's the chace.

Thou saw'st him, Boyne! when thy charg'd waters
 bore
 The swimming coursers to th' opposing shore,
 And, round thy banks, thou heard'st the murdering
 cannons roar. 295 }

What more than mortal bravery inspir'd
 The daring troops, by his example fir'd?
 Thou saw'st their wondrous deeds; to Neptune's court
 Thy flying waves convey'd the swift report,
 And, red with slaughter, to their father show'd 300
 Streams not their own, and a discolour'd flood.

D

Here,

Here, on th' ætherial mould, hurl'd from afar,
 Th' exploded ball had mark'd a dinted scar.
 'Twas destin'd thus; for when, all glowing-red,
 The angel took it from the forge, he said; 305
 This part be left unfated from the foe!
 And, scarce escap'd, once let the Hero know,
 How much to my protection he shall owe;
 Yet, from the batter'd shield, the ball shall bound,
 And on his arm inflict a scarlet wound. 310

Elsewhere, behold NAMUR's proud turrets rise,
 Majestic to the sight, advancing to the skies!
 The Meuse and Sambre here united flow,
 Nature's defence against th' invading foe:
 Industrious art her strength of walls supplies: 315
 Before the town the British army lies.
 The works are mann'd; with fury they contend;
 These thunder from the plains, those from the walls
 defend.

Red globes of fire from bellowing engines fly,
 And lead a sweeping blaze, like comets, through the sky.
 The kindled region glows; with deafening sound
 They burst; their iron entrails, hurl'd around,
 Strow with thick-scatter'd deaths the crimson ground. }
 See, where the genius of the war appears,
 Nor shuns the labour, nor the danger fears! 325
 In clouds of sulphurous smoke he shines more bright,
 For Glory round him waits, with beams of living light.
 At length the widen'd gates a conquest own,
 And to his arms resign the yielding town.

Here,

THE COURT OF NEPTUNE. 35

Here, from the field return'd, with olive crown'd,
 Applauding throngs their welcome prince surround :
 Bright honours in his glorious entry shine,
 And peace restor'd concludes the great design.

Long, o'er the figur'd work, with vast surprize,
 Admiring Neptune roll'd his ravish'd eyes ; 335

Then, rising from his throne, thus call'd aloud ;

" Ye lovely daughters of the briny flood !

" Haste, comb your silver locks, and straight prepare

" To fill my train, and gaze in upper air.

" This day, majestic glories you shall see ; 340

" Come, all ye watery powers, who under me

" Your little tridents wield, and rule the boisterous sea!

" What God, that views the triumphs here display'd,

" Can to such worth refuse his heavenly aid ?"

He said no more—but bade two Tritons sound 345

Their crooked shells, to spread the summons round.

Through the wide caves the blast is heard afar ;

With speed two more provide his azure car,

A concave shell ; two the fin'd coursers join :

All wait officious round, and own th' accustom'd sign ;

The god ascends ; his better hand sustains

The three-fork'd spear, his left directs the reins.

Through breaking waves, the chariot mounts him high ;

Before its thundering course, the frothy waters fly ;

He gains the surface ; on his either side, 355

The bright attendants, rang'd with comely pride,

Advance in just array, and grace the pompous tide.

Meanwhile Britannia's king conspicuous stood,

And, from his deck, survey'd the boundless flood.

Smooth was the glassy scene, the sun beheld 360

His face unclouded in the liquid field.

The gazing Nereids, in a shining train,

Inclose the ruler of the British main,

And sweetly sing; suspended winds forbear

Their loud complaints, the soothing lay to hear. 365

"Hail, sacred charge; they cry; the beauties we

"Of Neptune's court, are come t' attend on thee;

"Accept our offer'd aid! thy potent sway,

"Unbounded by the land, these watery realms obey;

"And we, thy subject-powers, our duteous homage

"pay. 370

"See Neptune's self, inferior in command,

"Presents his trident to thy honour'd hand!"

They said; the fire approach'd with awe profound;

The rite perform'd, their shells the Tritons sound;

Swell'd with the shrill alarm, the joyful billows bound. }

Now, from the shore, Britannia first descries

White sails afar; then bulky vessels rise,

Nearer to view; her beating heart foretells

The pleasing news, and eager transport feels.

Safe to her arms, imperial Neptune bears 380

Th' intrusted charge, then diving disappears.

THE
HOUSE OF NASSAU.

A
PINDARIC ODE. 1702.

“ ——— Cœlo demittitur alto

“ Chara Deûm Soboles.”

VIRG.

TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES DUKE OF SOMERSET.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

THOUGH the great loss we suffered in the death of the king has been so happily supplied by her majesty's accession to the throne, and her late coronation justly filled the hearts of her subjects with joy; yet so glorious a reign as the last will always be remembered with admiration by all good and wise men; and your Grace has given sufficient proofs that you are of that number. It can never therefore be thought too late to offer a just tribute to his late majesty's memory, and to that of his great ancestors, a race so illustriously distinguished in Europe; though this indeed might sooner have been attempted, but for many interruptions, too inconsiderable for your Grace's notice. How I have performed is humbly submitted to your Grace's judgment, and to the judgment of all

those gentlemen who are used to entertain themselves with writings of this sort. But if, through the author's want of genius, the Poem itself should be thought inconsiderable, I am sure it will have some distinction from the great names it celebrates, and the great patron it is inscribed to. And to whom should the praises of eminent virtue be addressed, but to such as are possessed of great virtues themselves? To whom can I better present the chief characters of a noble and ancient family, than to your Grace, whose family is so ancient and so noble? And here I am proud to acknowledge that some of my relations have been honoured with marks of favour from your Grace's illustrious ancestors. This I confess has long given me the ambition of offering my duty to your Grace; but chiefly that valuable character your Grace has obtained among all worthy persons. I have not room to enlarge here, nor is there any need of it on a subject so well known as your Grace's merits. Therefore I conclude with my humble request, that your Grace would favour this Ode with your acceptance, and do me the honour of believing that among the croud of your admirers, there is not one who is more passionately or sincerely so, than

Your Grace's most humble,

and most obedient servant,

JOHN HUGHES.

T H E
H O U S E O F N A S S A U.

I.

GODDESS of numbers, and of thoughts sublime!
 Celestial Muse! whose tuneful song
 Can fix heroic acts, that glide along
 Down the vast sea of ever-wasting time,
 And all the gilded images can stay, 5
 Till time's vast sea itself be roll'd away :
 O now assist with consecrated strains !
 Let art and nature join to raise
 A living monument of praise
 O'er William's great remains. 10
 While Thames, majestically sad, and flow,
 Seems by that reverend dome to flow,
 Which new-interr'd his sacred urn contains.
 If thou, O Muse, would'st e'er immortal be,
 This song bequeaths thee immortality ; 15
 For William's praise can ne'er expire,
 Though nature's self at last must die,
 And all this fair-erected sky
 Must sink with earth and sea, and melt away in fire.

II.

Begin—the spring of virtue trace, 20
 That, from afar-descending, flow'd
 Through the rich veins of all the godlike race,
 And fair renown on all the godlike race bestow'd!

This ancient source of noble blood
 Through thee, Germania, wandering wide, 25
 Like thy own Rhine's enriching tide,
 In numerous branches long diffus'd its flood.
 Rhine, scarce more antient, never grac'd thee more,
 Though mantling vines his comely head surround,
 And all along his sunny shore 30
 Eternal plenty's found.

III.

From heaven itself th' illustrious line began;
 Ten ages in descent it ran,
 In each descent increas'd with honours new.
 Never did Heaven's Supreme inspire 35
 In mortal breasts a nobler fire,
 Nor his own image livelier drew.
 Of pure ætherial flame their souls he made,
 And, as beneath his forming hands they grew,
 He bless'd the master-work, and said; 40
 "Go forth, my honour'd champions, go,
 "To vindicate my cause below!
 "Awful in power, defend for me
 "Religion, justice, liberty,
 "And, at aspiring tyranny, 45
 "My delegated thunder throw!
 "For this, the great Nassovian name I raise,
 "And still this character divine,
 "Distinguish'd through the race shall shine,
 "Zeal for their country's good, and thirst of virtuous
 "praise." 50

Now

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU. 41

IV.

Now look, Britannia, look, and see
Through the clear glass of history,
From whom thy mighty sovereign came,
And take a large review of far-extended fame.
See, crouds of heroes rise to fight! 55
Adolphus *, with imperial splendor gay;
Brave Philibert, unmatched in fight,
Who led the German eagle to his prey;
Through Lombardy he mark'd his conquer'd way,
And made proud Rome and Naples own his unresisted
might. 60

His gallant † Nephew next appears,
And on his brows the wreaths of conquest wears,
Through streaming wounds the martial figure stain;
For thee, Great ‡ Charles, in battle slain,
Slain in all a soldier's pride, 65
He fell triumphant by thy side,
And falling fought, and fighting dy'd,
And lay, a manly corpse, extended on the plain.

V.

See next, majestically great,
The founder of the Belgic state? 70
The sun of glory, which so bright
Beam'd on all the darling line,
Did, from its golden urn of light,
On William's head redoubled shine;
His youthful looks diffus'd an awe. 75
Charles,

* Adolphus the Emperor, of the House of Nassau.
† Renè of Nassau. ‡ Charles V.

Charles, who had try'd the race before,
 And knew great merits to explore,
 When he his rising virtue saw,
 He put in friendship's noble claim;
 To his imperial court the hero brought, 80
 And there by early honours fought
 Alliance with his future fame.
 O generous sympathy, that binds
 In chains unseen the bravest minds!
 O love to worthy deeds, in all great souls the same! 85

VI.

But Time at last brought forth th' amazing day,
 When Charles, resolv'd to disengage
 From empire's toils his weary age,
 Gave with each hand a crown away.
 Philip, his haughty son, afraid 90
 Of William's virtues, basely chose
 His father's favourite to depose;
 His tyrant reign requir'd far other aid;
 And Alva's fiery duke, his scourge of vengeance, rose;
 With flames of inquisition rose from hell, 95
 Of slaughter proud, and insolent in blood.
 What hand can paint the scenes of tragic woes?
 What tongue, sad Belgia! can thy story tell,
 When with her lifted axe proud Murder stood,
 And thy brave sons, in crowds unnumber'd, fell! 100
 The sun, with horror of the sight,
 Withdraws his sickly beams, and shrouds
 His muffled face in sullen clouds,
 And, on the scaffolds, faintly sheds a pale malignant
 light. Thus

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU. 43

VII.

Thus Belgia's liberty expiring lay, 105

And almost gasp'd her generous life away,

Till Orange hears her moving cries ;

He hears, and, marching * from afar,

Brings to her aid the sprightly war.

At his approach, reviv'd with fresh supplies 110

Of gather'd strength, she on her murderers flies.

But heaven, at first, resolv'd to try

By proofs adverse his constancy.

Four armies lost, † two gallant brothers slain,

Will he the desperate war maintain ? 115

Though rolling tempests darken all the sky,

And thunder breaks around his head,

Will he again the faithless sea explore,

And, oft driven back, still quit the shore ?

He will—his soul, averse to dread, 120

Unwearied, still the spite of fortune braves,

Superior, and ‡ serene, amidst the stormy waves.

VIII.

Such was the man, so vast his mind !

The steady instrument of fate,

To fix the basis of a rising state ! 125

My Muse with horror views the scene behind,

And fain would draw a shade, and fain

Would hide his destin'd end, nor tell

How he—the dreaded foe of Spain,

More fear'd than thousands on the plain, 130

By the vile hand of a bold russian fell. No

* He was then in Germany.

† The Counts Lodowick and Henry.

‡ "Sævis tranquillis in undis," the Prince's motto.

44 HUGHES'S POEMS.

No more—th' ungrateful prospect let us leave!

And, in his room, behold arise,
Bright as th' immortal twins that grace the skies,
A noble * pair, his absence to retrieve! 135

In these the hero's soul survives,
And William doubly in his offspring lives.

IX.

Maurice, for martial greatness, far
His father's glorious fame exceeds;
Henry alone can match his brother's deeds; 140
Both were, like Scipio's sons, the thunderbolts of war.

None e'er, than Maurice, better knew,
Camps, sieges, battles, to ordain;
None e'er, than Henry, fiercer did pursue
The flying foe, or earlier conquests gain. 145

For scarce sixteen revolving years he told,
When, eager for the fight, and bold,
Inflam'd by glory's sprightly charms,
His brother brought him to the field;
Taught his young hand the truncheon well to
wield, 150

And practis'd him betimes to arms.

X.

Let Flandrian Newport tell of wonders wrought
Before her walls, that memorable day,
When the victorious youths in concert fought,
And matchless valour did display! 155
How, ere the battle join'd, they strove
With emulous honour, and with mutual love;

How,

* Maurice and Henry.

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU. 45

How Maurice, touch'd with tender care
Of Henry's safety, begg'd him to remove ;
Henry refus'd, his blooming youth to spare, 160
But with his much-lov'd Maurice vow'd to prove
Th' extremes of war, and equal dangers share.

O generous strife ! and worthy such a pair !

How dear did Albert this contention pay !

Witness the floods of streaming gore ; 165

Witness the trampled heaps, that choak'd the plain,

And stop'd the victors in their way ;

Witness the neighbouring sea, and sandy shore,

Drunk with the purple life of twice three thousand slain !

XI.

Fortune, that on her wheel capricious stands, 170

And waves her painted wings, inconstant, proud,

Hood-wink'd, and shaking from her hands

Promiscuous gifts among the croud,

Restless of place, and still prepar'd for flight,

Was constant here, and seem'd restor'd to fight ; 175

Won by their merit, and resolv'd to bless

The happy brothers with a long success—

Maurice, the first resign'd to fate :

The youngest had a longer date,

And liv'd the space appointed to complete 180

The great republic, rais'd so high before ;

Finish'd by him, the stately fabric bore

Its lofty top aspiring to the sky :

In vain the winds and rains around it beat ;

In vain, below, the waves tempestuous roar, 185

They dash themselves, and break, and backward fly,

Dispers'd and murmuring at his feet. In-

46 HUGHES'S POEMS.

Insulting Spain the fruitless strife gives o'er,
 And claims dominion there no more.
 Then Henry, ripe for immortality, 190
 His flight to heaven eternal springs,
 And, o'er his quiet grave, Peace spreads her downy
 wings.

XII.

His son, a second William, fills his place,
 And climbs to manhood with so swift a pace,
 As if he knew, he had not long to stay : 195
 Such young Marcellus was, the hopeful grace
 Of ancient Rome, but quickly snatch'd away.
 Breda beheld th' adventurous boy,
 His tender limbs in shining armour dress'd.
 Where, with his father, the hot siege he press'd, 200
 His father saw, with pleasing joy,
 His own reflected worth, and youthful charms express'd.
 But, when his country breath'd from war's alarms,
 His martial virtues lay obscure ;
 Nor could a warrior, form'd for arms, 205
 Th' inglorious rest endure ;
 But sicken'd soon, and sudden dy'd,
 And left in tears his pregnant bride,
 His bride, the daughter of Britannia's king ;
 Nor saw th' auspicious pledge of nuptial love, 210
 Which from that happy marriage was to spring,
 But with his great fore-fathers gain'd a blissful seat
 above.

XIII.

Here pause, my Muse ! and wind up higher
 The strings of thy Pindaric lyre ! Then

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU. 47

Then with bold strains the lofty song pursue; 215

And bid Britannia once again review

The numerous worthies of the line.

See, like immortals, how they shine!

Each life a history alone!

And last, to crown the great design, 220

Look forward, and behold them all in one!

Look, but spare thy fruitless tears—

'Tis thy own William next appears.

Advance, celestial form! Let Britain see

Th' accomplish'd glory of thy race in thee! 225

XIV.

So, when some splendid triumph was to come,

In long procession through the streets of Rome,

The croud beheld, with vast surprize,

The glittering train in awful order move,

To the bright temple of Feretrian Jove; 230

And trophies borne along employ'd their dazzled
eyes:

But when the laurel'd emperor, mounted high

Above the rest, appear'd to sight,

In his proud car of victory,

Shining with rays excessive bright, 235

He put the long preceding pomp to flight:

Their wonder could no higher rise,

With joy they throng his chariot wheels, and rend
with shouts the skies.

XV.

To thee, great prince! to thy extensive mind,

Not by thy country's narrow bounds confin'd, 240

The

48 HUGHES'S POEMS.

The Fates an ample scene afford ;
 And injur'd nations claim the succour of thy sword.
 No respite to thy toils is given,
 Till thou ascend thy native heaven :
 One Hydra-head cut off, still more abound, 245
 And twins sprout up to fill the wound.
 So endless is the task that heros find
 To tame the monster Vice, and to reform mankind.
 For this, Alcides heretofore,
 And mighty Theseus, travel'd over 250
 Vast tracts of sea and land, and slew
 Wild beasts and serpents gorg'd with human prey;
 From stony dens fierce-lurking robbers drew,
 And bid the chearful traveller pass on his peaceful way.
 Yet, though the toilsome work they long pursue,
 To rid the world's wild pathless field,
 Still poisonous weeds and thorns in clusters grew,
 And large unwholesome crops did yield,
 To exercise their hands with labours ever-new.

XVI.

Thou, like Alcides, early didst begin, 255
 And ev'n a child didst laurels win.
 Two snaky plagues around his cradle twin'd,
 Sent by the jealous wife of Jove,
 In speckled wreaths of Death they strove,
 The mighty babe to bind : 260
 And twisted Faction, in thy infancy,
 Darted her forked tongue at thee.
 But, as Jove's offspring slew his hissing foes ;

So

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU. 49

So thou, descended from a line
Of Patriots no less divine, 270
Didst quench the brutal rage of those,
Who durst thy dawning worth oppose.
The viper Spite, crush'd by thy virtue, shed
Its yellow juice, and at thy feet lay dead.
Thus, like the sun, did thy great Genius rise,
With clouds around his sacred head,
Yet soon dispell'd the dropping mists, and gilded all
the skies.

XVII.

Great Julius, who with generous envy view'd
The statue of brave Philip's braver son,
And wept to think, what such a youth subdued,
While, more in age, himself had yet so little
done,
Had wept much more, if he had liv'd to see
The glorious deeds achiev'd by thee;
To see thee, at a beardless age,
Stand arm'd against th' invader's rage, 285
And bravely fighting for thy country's liberty;
While he inglorious laurels sought,
And not to save his country fought;
While he—O stain upon the greatest name,
That e'er before was known to Fame! 290
When Rome, his awful mother, did demand
The sword from his untuly hand,
The sword she gave before,
Enrag'd, he spurn'd at her command, 295
Hurl'd at her breast the impious steel, and bath'd it
in her gore.

B

XVIII. For

XVIII.

Far other battles thou hast won,
 Thy standard still the public good:
 Lavish of thine, to save thy people's blood:
 And when the hardy task of war was done,
 With what a mild well-temper'd mind, 300
 (A mind unknown to Rome's ambitious son,)
 Thy powerful armies were resign'd;
 This victory o'er thyself was more,
 Than all thy conquests gain'd before:
 'Twas more than Philip's son could do, 305
 When for new worlds the madman cry'd;
 Nor in his own wild breast had spy'd
 Towers of ambition, hills of boundless pride,
 Too great for armies to subdue.

XIX.

O savage lust of arbitrary sway! 310
 Insatiate fury, which in man we find,
 In barbarous man, to prey upon his kind,
 And make the world, enslav'd, his vicious will obey!
 How has this fiend Ambition long defac'd
 Heaven's works, and laid the fair creation waste!
 Ask silver Rhine, with springing rushes crown'd,
 As to the sea his waters flow,
 Where are the numerous cities now,
 That once he saw, his honour'd banks around?
 Scarce are their silent ruins found; 320
 But, in th' ensuing age,
 Trampled into common ground,
 Will hide the horrid monuments of Gaul's destroying
 rage. All

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU. 51

All Europe too had shar'd this wretched fate,
 And mourn'd her heavy woes too late, T 325
 Had not Britannia's chief withstood
 The threaten'd deluge, and repell'd,
 To its forsaken banks, th' unwilling flood,
 And in his hand the scales of balanc'd kingdoms held.
 Well was this mighty trust repos'd in thee, 330
 Whose faithful soul, from private interest free
 (Interests which vulgar princes know),
 O'er all its passions sat exalted high,
 As Teneriff's top enjoys a purer sky,
 And sees the moving clouds at distance fly below. 335

XX.

Whoe'er thy warlike annals reads,
 Beholds reviv'd our valiant Edward's deeds.
 * Great Edward and his glorious son
 Will own themselves in thee outdone,
 Though Crecy's desperate fight eternal honours won.
 Though the fifth Henry too does claim
 A shining place among Britannia's kings,
 And Agincourt has rais'd his lofty name;
 Yet the loud voice of ever-living Fame,
 Of thee more numerous triumphs sings. 345
 But, though no chief contends with thee,
 In all the long records of history,
 Thy own great deeds together strive,
 Which shall the fairest light derive,
 On thy immortal memory; 350

E 2

Whether

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

Whether Senoff's amazing field
 To celebrated Mons shall yield;
 Or both give place to more amazing Boyne;
 Of if Namur's well-cover'd siege must all the rest
 outshine!

XXI.

While in Hibernia's fields the labouring swain 355
 Shall pass the plough o'er skulls of warriors slain,
 And turn up bones, and broken spears,
 Amaz'd, he'll shew his fellows of the plain,
 The relicks of victorious years;
 And tell, how swift thy arms that kingdom did regain.
 Flandria, a longer witness to thy glory,
 With wonder too repeats thy story;
 How oft the foes thy lifted sword have seen &
 In the hot battle, when it bled
 At all its open veins, and oft have fled, 365
 As if their evil genius thou hadst been;
 How, when the blooming spring began to appear,
 And with new life restor'd the year,
 Confederate princes us'd to cry;
 "Call Britain's king—the sprightly trumpet sound, 370
 "And spread the joyful summons round!"
 "Call Britain's king, and victory!"
 So when the flower of Greece, to battle led
 In Beauty's cause, just vengeance swore,
 Upon the foul adulterer's head, 375
 That from her royal lord the ravish'd Helen bore,

The

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU. 33

The Grecian chiefs, of mighty fame,

Impatient for the son of Thetis wait;

At last the son of Thetis came;

Troy shook her nodding towers, and mourn'd a th' im-
pending fate.

XXII.

O sacred Peace! Goddess serene!

Adorn'd with robes of spotless white,

Fairer than silver floods of light!

How short has thy mild empire been!

When pregnant Time brought forth this new-born
age,

At first we saw thee gently smile

On the young birth, and thy sweet voice awhile

Sung a soft charm to martial rage:

But soon the lion wak'd again,

And stretch'd his opening claws, and shook his grisly
mane.

Soon was the year of triumphs past;

And Janus, ushering in a new,

With backward look did pompous scenes review;

But his fore-face with frowns was overcast;

He saw the gathering storms of war,

And bid his priests aloud, his iron gates unbar.

XXIII.

But heaven its hero can no longer spare,

To mix in our tumultuous broils below;

Yet suffer'd his foreseeing care,

Those bolts of vengeance to prepare,

Which other hands shall throw;

E 3

That

That glory to a mighty queen remains,
To triumph o'er th' extinguish'd foe ;

• She shall supply the thunderer's place ;

As Pallas, from th' ætherial plains,

Warr'd on the giants impious race,

And laid their huge demolish'd works, in smoaky
ruins low.

Then Anne's shall rival great Eliza's reign ;

And William's genius, with a grateful smile,

Look down, and bless this happy isle ;

And Peace, restor'd, shall wear her olive crown again.

• " Vicem gerit illa Tonantis." The Motto on her
Majesty's Coronation Medals.

O D E

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I.

A POLLO, god of sounds and verse,
 Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inspire !
 Whilst we thy Damon's praise rehearse :
 Damon himself could animate the lyre.
 Apollo, god of sounds and verse,
 Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inspire !
 Look down ! and warm the song with thy celestial fire.

II.

Ah, lovely youth ! when thou wert here,
 Thyself a young Apollo did appear ;
 Young as that god, so sweet a grace,
 Such blooming fragrance in thy face ;
 So soft thy air, thy visage so serene,
 That harmony ev'n in thy look was seen.

III.

But when thou didst th' obedient strings command,
 And join in consort thy melodious hand,
 Ev'n fate itself, such wondrous strains to hear,
 Fate had been charm'd, had Fate an ear.
 But what does music's skill avail ?
 When Orpheus did his loss deplore,
 Trees bow'd attentive to his tale ;
 Hush'd were the winds, wild beasts forgot to roar ;
 But dear Eurydice came back no more.

IV.

Then cease, ye sons of harmony, to mourn ;
 Since Damon never can return.
 See, see ! he mounts, and cleaves the liquid way !
 Bright choirs of angels, on the wing,
 For the new guest's arrival stay,
 And hymns of triumph sing.
 They bear him to the happy seats above,
 Seats of eternal harmony and love ;
 Where artful Purcell went before.
 Cease then, ye sons of music, cease to mourn ;
 Your Damon never will return,
 No, never, never more !

A N A C R E O N.

ODE THE THIRD.

A T dead of night, when mortals lose
 Their various cares in soft repose,
 I heard a knocking at my door:
 Who 's that, said I, at this late hour
 Disturbs my rest ?—It sobb'd and cry'd,
 And thus in mournful tone reply'd.
 " A poor unhappy child am I,
 " That 's come to beg your charity ;
 " Pray let me in !—You need not fear ;
 " I mean no harm, I vow and swear ;
 " But, wet and cold, crave shelter here ;
 " Betray'd

" Betray'd by night, and led astray,
 " I've lost—alas! I've lost my way."

Mov'd with this little tale of fate,
 I took a lamp, and op'd the gate;
 When see! a naked boy, before
 The threshold; at his back he wore

A pair of wings, and by his side
 A crooked bow and quiver ty'd.

" My pretty angel! come, said I,
 " Come to the fire, and do not cry!"

I strok'd his neck and shoulders bare,
 And squeez'd the water from his hair;
 Then chaf'd his little hands in mine,
 And chear'd him with a draught of wine.

Recover'd thus, says he; " I'd know,
 " Whether the rain has spoil'd my bow;

" Let's try"—then shot me with a dart.
 The venom throb'd, did ake and smart,
 As if a bee had stung my heart.

" Are these your thanks, ungrateful child,
 " Are these your thanks?"—Th' impostor smil'd:

" Farewell, my loving host, says he;
 " All's well; my bow's unhurt, I see;

" But what a wretch I've made of thee!"

THE STORY OF
PYRAMUS AND THISBE,
FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES.

WHERE Babylon's proud walls, erected high
By fam'd Semiramis, ascend the sky,
Dwelt youthful Pyramus, and Thisbe fair;
Adjoining houses held the lovely pair.
His perfect form all other youth's surpass'd;
Charms such as hers no Eastern beauty grac'd.
Near neighbourhood the first acquaintance drew,
An early promise of the love t' ensue.
Time nurs'd the growing flame; had Fate been kind,
The nuptial rites their faithful hands had join'd;
But, with vain threats, forbidding parents strove
To check the joy; they could not check the love.
Each captive heart consumes in like desire;
The more conceal'd, the fiercer rag'd the fire.
Soft looks, the silent eloquence of eyes,
And secret signs, secure from household spies,
Exchange their thoughts; the common wall, between
Each parted house, retain'd a chink, unseen
For ages past. The Lovers soon espy'd
This small defect, for Love is eagle-ey'd,
And in soft whispers soon the passage try'd.

20 }

Safe

PYRAMUS AND THISBE. 59

Safe went the murmur'd sounds, and every day
 A thousand amorous blandishments convey;
 And often, as they stood on either side,
 To catch by turns the flitting voice, they cry'd, 25
 Why, envious wall, ah! why dost thou destroy
 The lovers hopes, and why forbid the joy?
 How should we bless thee, would'st thou yield to
 charms,
 And, opening, let us rush into each other's arms;
 At least, if that's too much, afford a space 30
 To meeting lips, nor shall we slight the grace;
 We owe to thee this freedom to complain,
 And breathe our vows, but vows, alas! in vain.
 Thus having said, when evening call'd to rest,
 The faithful pair on either side imprest 35
 An intercepted kiss, then bade good-night;
 But when th' ensuing dawn had put to flight
 The stars; and Phœbus, rising from his bed,
 Drank up the dews, and dry'd the flowery mead,
 Again they meet, in sighs again disclose 40
 Their grief, and last this bold design propose;
 That, in the dead of night, both would deceive
 Their keepers, and the house and city leave;
 And lest, escap'd, without the walls they stray
 In pathless fields, and wander from the way, 45
 At Ninus' tomb their meeting they agree,
 Beneath the shady covert of the tree;
 The tree well-known near a cool fountain grew,
 And bore fair mulberries of snowy hue.

The

66 HUGHES'S POEMS.

The project pleas'd ; the sun's unwelcome light 50
 (That slowly seem'd to move, and slack his flight)
 Sunk in the seas ; from the same seas arose the sable
 night ;

When, stealing through the dark, the crafty fair
 Unlock'd the door, and gain'd the open air ;
 Love gave her courage ; unperceiv'd she went, 55
 Wrapp'd in a veil, and reach'd the monument.

Then sat beneath th' appointed tree alone ;
 But, by the glimmering of the shining moon,
 She sat not long, before from far she spy'd
 A lioness approach the fountain-side ; 60

Fierce was her glare, her foamy paws in blood
 Of slaughter'd bulls besmear'd, and foul with food ;
 For, reeking from they prey, the savage came,
 To drown her thirst within the neighbouring stream.

Affrighted *Thïsbe*, trembling at the sight, 65
 Fled to a darksome den, but in her flight
 Her veil dropp'd off behind. Deep of the flood
 The monster drank, and, satiate, to the wood
 Returning, found the garment as it lay,
 And, torn with bloody feet, dispers'd it in her
 way. 70

Belated *Pyramus* arriv'd, and found
 The mark of savage feet along the sandy ground :
 All pale he turn'd ; but soon as he beheld
 The crimson'd vesture scatter'd o'er the field,
 One night, he cry'd, two lovers shall destroy ! 75
 She worthy to have liv'd long years of joy,

But

But mine 's the forfeit life; unhappy maid !
 Twas I that slew thee, I th' appointment made;
 To places full of death, thy innocence betray'd,
 And came not first myself—O hither haste, 80
 Ye lions all, that roam this rocky waste!
 Tear my devoted entrails, gnaw, divide,
 And gorge your famine in my open'd side!
 But cowards call for death!—Thus having spoke,
 The fatal garment from the ground he took, 85
 And bore it to the tree; ardent he kiss'd,
 And bath'd in flowing tears the well-known vest,
 Now take a second stain, the lover said,
 While from his side he snatch'd his sharpen'd blade,
 And drove it in his groin; then from the wound 90
 Withdrew the steel, and staggering fell to ground:
 As when, a conduit broke, the streams shoot high,
 Starting in sudden fountains through the sky,
 So spouts the living stream, and sprinkled o'er
 The trees fair berries with a crimson gore, 95
 While, sapp'd in purple floods, the conscious root
 Transmits the stain of murder to the fruit.

The fair, who fear'd to disappoint her love,
 Yet trembling with the fright, forsook the grove,
 And sought the youth, impatient to relate 100
 Her new adventure, and th' avoided fate.
 She saw the vary'd tree had lost its white,
 And doubting stood if that could be the right,
 Nor doubted long; for now her eyes beheld
 A dying person spurn the sanguine field, 105

Aghast

Aghast she started back, and shook with pain,
 As rising breezes curl the trembling main.
 She gaz'd awhile entranc'd; but when she found
 It was her lover weltering on the ground,
 She beat her lovely breast, and tore her hair, 110
 Clasp'd the dear corpse, and, frantic in despair,
 Kiss'd his cold face, supply'd a briny flood
 To the wide wound, and mingled tears with blood.
 Say, Pyramus, oh say, what chance severe
 Has snatch'd thee from my arms? — 115
 'Tis thy own, Thisbe calls, look up and hear!
 At Thisbe's name he lifts his dying eyes,
 And, having seen her, clos'd them up, and dies.
 But when she knew the bloody veil, and spy'd
 The ivory scabbard empty by his side, 120
 Ah! wretched youth, said she, by Love betray'd!
 Thy hapless hand guided the fatal blade.
 Weak as I am, I boast as strong a love;
 For such a deed, this hand as bold shall prove.
 I'll follow thee to death; the world shall call 125
 Thisbe the cause, and partner of thy fall;
 And ev'n in death, which could alone disjoin
 Our persons, yet in death thou shalt be mine.
 But hear, in both our names, this dying prayer,
 Ye wretched parents of a wretched pair! 130
 Let in one urn our ashes be confin'd,
 Whom mutual love and the same fate have join'd.
 And thou, fair tree, beneath whose friendly shade,
 One lifeless lover is already laid,

And

TRIUMPH OF LOVE. 63

And soon shall cover two ; for ever wear
 Death's sable hue, and purple berries bear !
 She said, and plunges in her breast the sword,
 Yet warm, and reeking from its slaughter'd lord.
 Relenting heaven allows her last request,
 And pity touch'd their mournful parents breast.
 The fruit, when ripe, a purple dye retains ;
 And in one urn are plac'd their dear remains.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF OVID, AMORUM LIB. I.

ELEG. 2.

TELL me, some god, whence does this change
 arise ;
 Why gentle sleep forsakes my weary eyes ?
 Why, turning often, all the tedious night
 In pain I lie, and watch the springing light ?—
 What cruel dæmon haunts my tortur'd mind ?
 Sure, if 'twere love, I should th' invader find ;
 Unless disguis'd he lurks, the crafty boy,
 With silent arts ingenious to destroy.
 Alas ! 'tis so—'tis fix'd the secret dart ;
 I feel the tyrant ravaging my heart.
 Then, shall I yield ; or th' infant flame oppose ?
 I yield !—Resistance would increase my woes :

For

For struggling slaves a sharper doom sustain,
 Than such as stoop obedient to the chain.
 I own thy power, almighty Love! I'm thine;
 With pinion'd hands behold me here resign
 Let this submission then my life obtain;
 Small praise 'twill be, if thus unarm'd I'm slain.
 Go, join thy mother's doves; with myrtle braid thy
 hair;
 The god of war himself a chariot shall prepare; 20
 Then thou triumphant through the shouting throng
 Shalt ride, and move with art the willing birds along;
 While captive youths and maids, in solemn state,
 Adorn the scene, and on thy triumph wait.
 There I, a later conquest of thy bow, 25
 In chains will follow too; and as I go,
 To pitying eyes the new-made wound will show.
 Next, all that dare Love's sovereign power defy,
 In fetters bound, inglorious shall pass by:
 All shall submit to thee—Th' applauding crowd 30
 Shall lift their hands, and sing thy praise aloud,
 Soft looks shall in thy equipage appear,
 With amorous play, mistake, and jealous fear,
 Be this thy guard, great Love!—be this thy train;
 Since these extend o'er men and gods thy reign; 35
 But, robb'd of these, thy power is weak and vain.
 From heaven thy mother shall the pomp survey,
 And, smiling, scatter fragrant showers of roses in thy
 way;
 Whilst thou, array'd in thy unrival'd pride,
 On golden wheels, all gold thy self, shalt ride: 40
 Thy

THE PICTURE.

65

Thy spreading wings shall richest diamonds wear,
 And gems shall sparkle in thy lovely hair.
 Thus passing by, thy arm shall hurl around
 Ten thousand fires, ten thousand hearts shall wound.
 This is thy practice, Love, and this thy gain ; 45
 From this thou canst not, if thou would'st, refrain ;
 Since ev'n thy presence, with prolific heat,
 Does reach the heart, and active flames create.
 From conquer'd India, so the * Jovial God, 50
 Drawn o'er the plains by harness'd tigers, rode,
 Then since, great Love, I take a willing place
 Amidst thy spoils, the sacred show to grace ;
 O cease to wound, and let thy fatal store
 Of piercing shafts be spent on me no more. 55
 No more, too powerful in my charmer's eyes,
 Torment a slave, that for her beauty dies ;
 Or look in smiles from thence, and I shall be
 A slave no longer, but a God, like thee !

THE P I C T U R E.

COME, my Muse, a Venus draw ;
 Not the same the Grecians saw,
 By the fam'd Apelles wrought,
 Beauteous offspring of his thought.

* Bacchus.

F

No

No fantastic goddess mine,
Fiction far she does outline.

Queen of fancy I hither bring
On thy gaudy-feather'd wing
All the beauties of the spring.
Like the bee's industrious pains

To collect his golden gains,
So from every flower and plant
Gather first th' immortal paint.
Fetch me lilies, fetch me roses,
Daisies, violets, cowslip-posies.

Amaranthus' parrot pride,
Woodbines, Pinks, and what beside
Does th' embroider'd meads adorn,
Where the fawns and satyrs play
In the merry month of May.

Steal the blush of opening morn;
Borrow Cynthia's silver white,
When she shines at noon of night,
Free from clouds to veil her light.
Juno's bird his tail shall spread,
Iris' bow its colours shed,
All to deck this charming piece,
Far surpassing ancient Greece.

First her graceful stature show,
Not too tall, not yet too low.
Fat she must not be, nor lean;
Let her shape be straight and clean;
Small her waste, and, thence increast,
Gently swells her rising breast.

Next,

THE PICTURE.

67

Next, in comely order trace 35
 All the glories of her face.
 Paint her neck of Ivory,
 Smiling cheeks, and forehead high,
 Ruby lips, and sparkling eyes,
 Whence resistless lightning flies. 40
 Foolish Muse! what hast thou done?
 Scarce th' Outlines are yet begun,
 Ere thy pencil's thrown aside!
 'Tis no matter, Love reply'd;
 (Love's unlucky God stood by) 45
 At one stroke behold how I
 Will th' unfinish'd draught supply. }
 Smiling then he took his dart,
 And drew her picture in my heart.

B A R N - E L M S.

LET Phœbus his late happiness rehearse,
 And grace Barn-Elms with never-dying verse!
 Smooth was the Thames, his waters sleeping lay,
 Unwak'd by winds that o'er the surface play;
 When th' early god, arising from the East, 5
 Disclos'd the golden dawn, with blushes drest.
 First in the stream his own bright form he sees,
 But brighter forms shine through the neighbouring
 trees.

He speeds the rising day, and sheds his light
 Redoubled on the grove, to gain a nearer sight. 10
 Not with more speed his Daphne he pursued,
 Nor fair Leucothoe with such pleasure view'd;
 Five dazzling nymphs in graceful pomp appear;
 He thinks his Daphne and Leucothoe here,
 Join'd with that heavenly three, who on mount Ide 15
 Descending once the prize of beauty try'd.

Ye verdant Elms, that towering grace this grove,
 Be sacred still to Beauty, and to Love!
 No thunder break, nor lightning glare between
 Your twisted boughs, but such as then was seen. 20
 The grateful sun will every morning rise
 Propitious here, saluting from the skies
 Your lofty tops, indulg'd with sweetest air,
 And every spring your losses he'll repair;
 Nor his own laurels more shall be his care. 21

ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF

PHŒBE AND ASTERIA;

AND THE SICKNESS OF THE FORMER.

AN altar raise to Friendship's holy flame,
 Inscrib'd with Phœbe's and Asteria's name!
 Around it mingled in a solemn band,
 Let Phœbe's lovers, and Asteria's stand,

With

With fervent vows t' attend the sacrifice ;
While rich perfumes from melted gums arise,
To bribe for Phoebe's health the partial skies.

Forbid it, Love, that sickly blasts consume
The flower of beauty in its tender bloom !
Shall she so soon to her own heaven retire,
Who gave so oft, yet never felt thy fire ?
Who late at splendid feasts so graceful shone,
By pleasing smiles and numerous conquests known ;
Where, 'midst the brightest nymphs, she bore the
prize

From all—from all but her Asteria's eyes.
Behold the maid, who then secure repell'd
The shafts of Love, by fainting sickness quell'd !
(As Beauty's goddesses once a wound sustain'd,
Not from her son, but from a * mortal's hand)
Asteria too forgets her sprightly charms,
And drooping lies within her Phoebe's arms.

Thus in romantic histories we read
Of tournaments by some great prince decreed,
Where two companion-knights their lances wield
With matchless force, and win, from all, the field ;
Till one, o'erheated in the course, retires,
And feels within his veins a fever's fires ;
His grieving friend his laurels throws away,
And mourns the dear-bought triumphs of the day.

So strict 's the union of this tender pair,
What Heaven decrees for one, they both must share.

* Diomedes.

Like meeting rivers, in one stream they flow,
 And no divided joys or sorrows know.
 Not the bright * twins, prefer'd in heaven to shine,
 Fair Leda's sons, in such a league could join. 35
 One soul, as fables tell, by turns supply'd
 That heavenly pair, by turns they liv'd and dy'd:
 But these have sworn a matchless sympathy,
 They'll live together, or together die.

When Heaven did at Asteria's birth bestow 40
 Those lavish charms, with which she wounds us so,
 To form her glorious mind, it did inspire
 A double portion of th' ætherial fire,
 That half might afterward be thence convey'd,
 To animate that other lovely maid. 45
 Thus native instinct does their hearts combine,
 In knots too close for Fortune to untwine.

* So India boasts a tree, that spreads around
 Its amorous boughs, which bending reach the ground,
 Where taking root again, the branches raise 50
 A second tree to meet its fond embrace;
 Then side by side the friendly neighbours thrive,
 Fed by one sap, and in each other live.

Of Phoebe's health we need not send to know
 How Nature strives with her invading foe, 55
 What symptoms good or ill each day arise;
 We read those changes in Asteria's eyes.
 Thus in some crystal fountain you may spy
 The face of Heaven, and the reflected sky,

* Castor and Pollux.

PHOEBE AND ASTERIA. 171

See what black clouds arise, when tempests lour, 60
 And gathering mists portend a falling shower,
 And when the sun breaks out, with conquering ray
 To chase the darkness, and restore the day.

Such be thy fate, bright maid! from this decline
 Arise renew'd the charms, and doubly shine! 65

And as that dawning planet was addrest
 With offer'd incense by th' adoring east,
 So we'll with songs thy glad recovery greet,
 The Muse shall lay her presents at thy feet;
 With open arms, Asteria shall receive 70
 The dearest pledge propitious Heaven can give.
 Fann'd by these winds, your friendship's generous fire
 Shall burn more bright, and to such heights aspire,
 The wondering world shall think you from above
 Come down to teach how happy angels love. 75

S O N G.

I.

FAME of Dorinda's conquest brought

The god of love her charms to view;
 To wound th' unwary maid he thought,
 But soon became her conquest too.

II.

He dropp'd, half drawn, his feeble bow,
 He look'd, he rav'd, and sighing pin'd;
 And wish'd in vain he had been now,
 As painters falsely draw himself, blind.

F 4

III. Dis-

III.

Disarm'd, he to his mother flies;
 Help, Venus, help the wretched son!
 Who now will pay us sacrifice?
 For Love himself's, alas! undone.

IV.

To Cupid now no lover's prayer
 Shall be address'd in suppliant sighs;
 My darts are gone, but oh beware,
 Fond mortals, of Dorinda's eyes.

T O

OCTAVIA INDISPOSED.

A Round your couch while fighting lovers view
 Wir, beauty, goodness, suffering all in you;
 So mournful is the scene, 'tis hard to tell
 Which face betrays the sick, or who is well.
 They feel not their own pains, while yours they share,
 Worse tortur'd now, than lately by despair.
 For bleeding veins a like relief is found,
 When iron red-hot by burning stops the wound.
 Grant, Heaven, they cry, this moment our desire,
 To see her well, though we the next expire.

BEAUTY

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

I.

YE swains, whom radiant beauty moves,
Or music's art with sounds divine,
Think how the rapturous charm improves,
Where two such gifts celestial join ;

II.

Where Cupid's bow, and Phœbus' lyre,
In the same powerful hand are found ;
Where lovely eyes inflame desire,
While trembling notes are taught to wound.

III.

Inquire not who's the matchless fair,
That can this double death bestow :
If young Harmonia's strains you hear,
Or view her eyes, too well you'll know.

CUPID'S REVIEW.

CUPID, survey thy shining train around
Of favorite nymphs, for conquest most renown'd ;
The lovely warriors that in bright array
Thy power support, and propagate thy sway.
Then say what beauteous general wilt thou choose,
To lead the fair Brigade against thy rebel foes ?

Behold the god advance in comely pride,
Arm'd with his bow, his quiver by his side.

Inferior

Inferior Cupids on their master wait ;
 He smiles well-pleas'd, and waves his wings in state.
 His little hands imperial trophies bear,
 And laurel-wreaths to grace th' elected fair.

Hyde-Park the scene for the Review he nam'd,
 Hyde-Park for pleasure and for beauty fam'd.
 Where, oft from western skies the god of light 15
 Sees new-arising suns, than his more bright ;
 Then sets in blushes, and conveys his fire
 To distant lands, that more his beams require.
 And now the charming candidates appear.
 Behold Britannia's victor graces there, 20
 Who vindicate their country's ancient claim
 To Love's pre-eminence, and Beauty's fame.
 Some, who, at Anna's court, in honour rais'd,
 Adorn birth-nights, by crowding nations prais'd ;
 Preserv'd in Kneller's pictures ever young, 25
 In strains immortal by the Muses sung.

Around the ring th' illustrious rivals move,
 And teach to Love himself the power of love.
 Scarce, though a god, he can with safety gaze
 On glory so profuse, such mingled rays ; 30
 For Love had eyes on this important day,
 And Venus from his forehead took the blinding cloth
 away.

Here Mira pass'd, and fix'd his wondering view,
 Her perfect shape distinguish'd praises drew ;
 Tall, beauteous, and majestic to the sight, 35
 She led the train, and sparkled in the light.

There

There Stella claims the wreath, and pleads her eyes,
By which each day some new adorer dies.

Serena, by good-humour doubly fair,
With native sweetness charms, and smiling air. 40
While Flora's youthful years and looks display
The bloom of ripening fruits, the innocence of May,
The opening sweets that months of pleasure bring,
The dawn of Love, and life's indulgent spring.

'Twere endless to describe the various darts, 45
With which the fair are arm'd to conquer hearts.

Whatever can the ravish'd soul inspire
With tender thoughts, and animate desire,
All arts and virtues mingled in the train;
And long the lovely rivals strove in vain, 50
While Cupid unresolv'd still search'd around the
plain.

O! could I find, said Love, the phoenix she,
In whom at once the several charms agree;
That phoenix she the laurel crown should have,
And Love himself with pride become her slave. 55

He scarce had spoke, when see—Harmonia came!
Chance brought her there, and not desire of fame,
Unknowing of the choice, till she beheld
The god approach to crown her in the field.
Th' unwilling maid, with wondrous modesty, 60
Disclaim'd her right, and put the laurel by:
Warm blushes on her tender cheeks arise,
And double softness beautify'd her eyes.

At this, more charm'd, the rather I bestow,
Said Love, these honours you in vain forego; 65

Take

Take then the wreath, which you, victorious fair,
Have most deserv'd, yet least affect to wear.

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY,
PLAYING ON THE ORGAN.

WHEN fam'd Cæcilia on the Organ play'd,
And fill'd with moving sounds the tuneful
frame,

Drawn by the charm, to hear the sacred maid,
From heaven, 'tis said, a listening angel came.

Thus ancient legends would our faith abuse ; 5

In vain—for were the bold tradition true,
While your harmonious touch that charm renews,
Again the seraph would appear to you.

O happy fair ! in whom with purest light
Virtue's united beams with Beauty's shine ? 10

Should heavenly guests descend to bless our sight,
What form more lovely could they wear than thine ?

S O N N E T.

JE mourrai de trop de plaisir

Si je la trouve favourable ;

Je mourrai de trop de desir

Se je la trouve inexorable.

Ainsi

Ainsi je ne sçaurois guerir 5
De la douleur qui me possède;
Je suis assuré de perir
Par le mal, ou par le remede.

In English.

I DIE with too transporting joy,
If she I love rewards my fire;
If she's inexorably coy,
With too much passion I expire.

No way the fates afford to shun 5
The cruel torment I endure;
Since I am doom'd to be undone
By the disease or by the cure.

T O

A P A I N T E R.

P A I N T E R, if thou canst safely gaze
On all the wonders of that face;
If thou hast charms to guard a heart
Secure by secrets of thy art;
O! teach the mighty charm, that we 5
May gaze securely too, like thee.

Canst

98 HUGHES'S POEMS.

Canst thou Love's brightest lightning draw,
Which none e'er yet unwounded saw?
To what then wilt thou next aspire,
Unless to imitate Jove's fire?
Which is a less adventurous pride,
Though 'twas for that Salmoneus dy'd.
That beauteous, that victorious fair,
Whose chains so many lovers wear;
Who with a look can arts infuse,
Create a Painter, or a Muse;
Whom crouds with awful rapture view;
She sits serene, and smiles on you!
Your genius thus inspir'd will soar
To wondrous heights unknown before,
And to her beauty you will own
Your future skill and fix'd renown.

So when of old great Ammon's son,
Adorn'd with spoils in battle won,
In graceful picture chose to stand,
The work of fam'd Apelles' hand;
"Exert thy fire, the monarch said,
"Now be thy boldest strokes display'd,
"To let admiring nations see
"Their dreaded victor drawn by thee;
"To others thou may'st life impart,
"But I'll immortalize thy art!"

TO THE
AUTHOR OF
FATAL FRIENDSHIP,
A TRAGEDY.

AS when Camilla once, a warlike dame,
In bloody battles won immortal fame,
Forsook her female arts, and chose to bear
The ponderous shield, and heave the massy spear,
Superior to her sex : so swift she flew
Around the field, and such vast numbers slew,
That friends and foes, alike surpriz'd, behold
The brave Virago desperately bold,
And thought her Pallas in a human mold.
Such is our wonder, matchless maid ! to see
The tragic laurel thus deserv'd by thee.

Still greater praise is yours ; Camilla shines
For ever bright in Virgil's sacred lines,
You in your own.—

Nor need you to another's bounty owe,
For what yourself can on yourself bestow ;
So monarchs in full health are wont to rear,
At their own charge, their future sepulchre.

Who thy perfections fully would commend,
Must think how others their vain hours mispend,
In trifling visits, pride, impertinence,
Dress, dancing, and discourse devoid of sense ;

To

To twirl a fan, to please some foolish beau,
 And sing an empty song, the most they know;
 In body weak, more impotent of mind. 23
 Thus some have represented woman-kind.
 But you, your sex's champion, are come forth
 To fight their quarrel, and assert their worth;
 Our Salick law of wit you have destroy'd,
 Establish'd female claim, and triumph'd o'er our pride.
 While we look on, and with repining eyes
 Behold you bearing off so rich a prize,
 Spite of ill-nature, we are forc'd t' approve
 Such dazzling charms, and spite of envy love.

Nor is this all th' applause that is your due, 35
 You stand the first of stage reformers too;
 No vicious strains pollute your moral scene,
 Chaste are your thoughts, and your expression clean;
 Strains such as yours the strictest test will bear:
 Sing boldly then, nor busy censure fear, 40
 Your virgin voice offends no virgin ear.
 Proceed, in tragic numbers to disclose
 Strange turns of fate, and unexpected woes.
 Reward, and punish! awfully dispense
 Heaven's judgments, and declare a Providence; 45
 Nor let the comic Muse your labours share,
 'Tis meanness, after this, the sock to wear:
 Though that too merit praise, 'tis nobler toil
 T' extort a tear, than to provoke a smile.
 What hand, that can design a history, 50
 Would copy low-land boors at Snic-a-Snee?

Accept

Accept this tribute, madam, and excuse
The hasty raptures of a stranger Muse.

1698.

ON

DIVINE POETRY.

IN Nature's golden age, when new-born day
Array'd the skies, and earth was green and gay;
When God, with pleasure, all his works survey'd,
And virgin innocence before him play'd;
In that illustrious morn, that lovely spring,
The Muse, by Heaven inspir'd, began to sing.
Descending Angels, in harmonious lays,
Taught the first happy pair their Maker's praise.
Such was the sacred art—We now deplore
The Muse's loss, since Eden is no more.
When Vice from hell rear'd up its hydra-head,
Th' affrighted maid, with chaste Astræa, fled,
And sought protection in her native sky;
In vain the heathen Nine her absence would supply.

Yet to some few, whose dazzling virtues shone
In ages past, her heavenly charms were known.
Hence learn'd the bard, in lofty strains to tell
How patient Virtue triumph'd over hell;
And hence the chief, who led the chosen race
Through parting seas, deriv'd his songs of praise:

G

She

33 HUGHES'S POEMS.

She gave the rapturous ode, whose ardent lay
Sings female force, and vanquish'd Sifera ;
She tun'd to pious notes the psalmist's lyre,
And fill'd Isaiah's breast with more than Pindar's fire!

S O N G.

WRITTEN FOR THE LATE DUKE OF
GLOUCESTER'S BIRTH-DAY.

I.

WHILE Venus in her snowy arms
The God of battles held,
And sooth'd him with her tender charms,
Victorious from the field ;
By chance she cast a lovely smile,
Propitious, down to earth,
And view'd in Britain's happy isle
Great Gloucester's glorious birth.

II.

Look, Mars, she said ; look down, and see
A child of royal race !
Let's crown the bright Nativity
With every princely grace :
Thy heavenly image let me bear,
And shine a Mars below ;
From you his mind to warlike care,
I'll foster gifts bestow.

III. Thus

ON A PEACOCK. 83

III.

Thus at his birth two deities
 Their blessings did impart;
 And love was breath'd into his eyes,
 And glory form'd his heart. 20
 His childhood makes of war a game;
 Betimes his beauty charms
 The fair; who burn'd with equal flame
 For him, as he for arms.
 1699.

ON A
 PEACOCK,

FINELY CUT IN VELLUM :

BY MOLINDA.

WHEN Fancy did Molinda's hand invite,
 Without the help of colour, shade, or light,
 To form in vellum, spotless as her mind,
 The fairest image of the feather'd kind,
 Nature herself a strict attendance paid, 5
 Charm'd with th' attainments of th' illustrious maid,
 Inspir'd her thought, and, smiling, said, I'll see
 How well this fair-one's art can copy me.
 So to her favourite Titian once she came,
 To guide his pencil, and attest his fame, 10
 And

84 HUGHES'S POEMS.

With transport granting all that she could give,
And bid his Works to wondering ages live.

Nor with less transport here the goddess sees
The curious piece advance by slow degrees ;
At last such skill in every part was shown, 15
It seem'd a new creation of her own ;
She starts, to view the finish'd figure rise,
And spread his ample train, enrich'd with eyes ;
To see, with lively grace, his form express,
The stately honours of his rising crest, 20 }
His comely wings, and his soft silky breast !
The leaves of creeping vines around him play,
And Nature's leaves less perfect seem than they.

O matchless bird ! whose race, with nicest care,
Heaven seems in pleasure to have form'd so fair ! 25
From whose gay plumes ev'n Phœbus with delight
Sees his own rays reflected doubly bright !
Though numerous rivals of the wing there be
That share our praise, when not compar'd to thee,
Soon as thy rising glories strike our eyes, 30
Their beauty shines no more, their lustre dies.
So when Molinda, with superior charms,
Dazzles the ring, and other nymphs disarms,
To her the rallying Loves and Graces fly,
And, fixing there, proclaim the victory. 35

No wonder, then, since she was born t'excel,
This bird's fair image she describes so well :
Happy, as in some temple thus to stand,
Immortaliz'd by her successful hand.

LUCINDA'S TEA-TABLE.

POETS invoke, when they rehearse
 In happy strains their pleasing dreams,
 Some Muse unseen to crown their verse,
 And boast of Heliconian streams :

But here, a real Muse inspires 5
 (Who more reviving streams imparts)
 Our fancies with the Poets fires,
 And with a nobler flame our hearts,

While from her hand each honour'd guest
 Receives his cup with liquor crown'd, 10
 He thinks 'tis Jove's immortal feast,
 And Venus deals the nectar found.

As o'er each fountain, Poets sing,
 Some lovely guardian-nymph has sway,
 Who from the consecrated spring 15
 Wild beasts and satyrs drives away :

So hither dares no savage press,
 Who Beauty's sovereign power defies ;
 All, drinking here, her charms confess,
 Proud to be conquer'd by her eyes. 20

26 HUGHES'S POEMS.

When Phœbus try'd his herbs in vain
 On Hyacinth, had she been there,
 With tea she would have cur'd the swain,
 Who only then had dy'd for her.
 January 1, 1701.

THE
 MARCH.

Victoria comes ! she leaves the forag'd groves !
 Her flying camp of Graces and of Loves
 Strike all their tents, and for the march prepare,
 And to new scenes of triumph wait the fair.
 Unlike the slaves which other warriors gain, 3
 That loath subjection, and would break their chain,
 Her rural slaves their absent victor mourn,
 And wish not liberty, but her return.
 The conquer'd countries droop, while she's away,
 And slowly to the spring their contribution pay. 10
 While cooing turtles, doubly now alone,
 With their lost loves another loss bemoan.
 Mean time in peopled cities crowds press on,
 And jealous seem who shall be first undone.
 Victories, like Fame, before th' invader fly, 15
 And lovers yet unseeing haste to die.
 While she, with careless unelated mind,
 Hears daily conquests which she ne'er design'd :
 In her a soft, yet cruel heart is found,
 Averse to cure, and vainly griev'd to wound. 20

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

SO fair a form, with such devotion join'd !
 A virgin body, and a spotless mind !
 Pleas'd with her prayers, while Heaven propitious sees
 The lovely votarefs on her bended knees,
 Sure it must think some angel lost its way, 5
 And happening on our wretched earth to stray ;
 Tir'd with our follies, fain would take its flight,
 And begs to be restor'd to those blest realms of light.

ODE ON THE SPRING.
 FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

I.

WANTON Zephyr, come away !
 On this sweet, this silent grove,
 Sacred to the Muse and Love,
 In gentle wisper'd murmurs play !
 Come let thy soft, thy balmy breeze 3
 Diffuse thy vernal sweets around
 From sprouting flowers, and blossom'd trees ;
 While hills and echoing vales resound
 With notes, which wing'd musicians sing
 In honour to the bloom of spring. 10

G 4

II. Lovely

II.

Lovely season of desire
 Nature smiles with joy to see
 The amorous months led on by thee,
 That kindly wake her genial fire.
 The brightest object in the skies,
 The fairest lights that shine below,
 The sun, and Mira's charming eyes,
 At thy return more charming grow
 With double glory they appear,
 To warm and grace the infant year.

H O R A C E,

ODE III. BOOK III.

The design of this Ode was to insinuate to Augustus
 the danger of transferring the seat of the empire
 from Rome to Troy, which we are informed he
 once entertained thoughts of.

I.

THE man to right inflexibly inclin'd,
 Poising on Virtue's base his mind,
 Rests in himself secure,
 Indissolubly firm in good;
 Let tempests rise, and billows rage,
 All rock within, he can unmov'd endure
 The foaming fury of the flood,
 When bellowing winds their jarring troops engage,
 Or

Or wasteful civil tumults roll along
 With fiercer strength, and louder roar, 10
 Driving the torrent of the throng,
 And gathering into power.
 Let a proud tyrant cast a killing frown ;
 Or Jove in angry thunder on the world look down ;
 Nay, let the frame of Nature crack, 15
 And all the spacious globe on high,
 Shatter'd with universal rack,
 Come tumbling from the sky :
 Yet he'll survey the horrid scene
 With steady courage and undaunted mien, 20
 The only thing serene !

II.

Thus Pollux, and great Hercules,
 Roam'd through the world, and blest the nations round,
 Till, rais'd at length to heavenly palaces,
 Mankind, as Gods, their benefactions crown'd, 25
 With these, Augustus shall for ever shine,
 And stain his rosy lips in cups divine.
 Thus his fierce tigers dauntless Bacchus bear ;
 The glaring savages resist in vain,
 Impatient of the bit, and fretting on the rein ; 30
 Through yielding clouds he drives th' impetuous car.
 Great Romulus pursued the shining trace,
 And leapt the lake, where all
 The rest of mortals fall,
 And with his * father's horses scour'd the same bright
 airy race. 35

* Romulus was supposed to be the son of Mars by
 the priestess Ilia.

Then

III.

Then in full senate of the deities,
 Settling the seats of power, and future fate,
 Juno began the high debate,
 And with this righteous sentence pleas'd the skies:
 " O Troy ! she said, O hated Troy ! 40
 " A * foreign woman, and a † boy,
 " Lewd, partial, and unjust,
 " Shook all thy proudest towers to dust ;
 " Inclined to ruin from the time,
 " Thy king did mock two powers divine, 45
 " And ras'd thy fated walls in perjury,
 " But doubly damn'd by that offence,
 " Which did Minerva's rage incense,
 " And offer'd wrong to me.
 " No more the treacherous ravisher 50
 " Shines in full pomp and youthful charms ;
 " Nor Priam's impious house with Hector's spear,
 " Repels the violence of Grecian arms,

IV.

" Our feuds did long embroil the mortal rout,
 " At last the storm is spent, 55
 " My fury with it ebbing out,
 " These terms of peace content ;
 " To Mars I grant among the stars a place
 " For his son Romulus, or Trojan race ;
 " Here shall he dwell in these divine abodes, 60
 " Drink of the heavenly bowl,
 " And in his shining court his name enrol,

* Helen.

† Paris.

" With

HORACE. ODE III. BOOK III. 91

" With the serene and ever-vacant gods ;
 " While seas shall rage between his Rome and Troy,
 " The horrid distance breaking wide, 65
 " The banish'd Trojans shall the globe enjoy,
 " And reign in every place beside ;
 " While beasts insult my * judge's dust, and hide
 " Their litter in his cursed tomb,
 " The shining capitol of Rome 70
 " Shall overlook the world with awful pride,
 " And Parthians take their law from that eternal
 " dome.

V.

" Let Rome extend her fame to every shore ;
 " And let no banks or mounds restrain
 " Th' impetuous torrent of her wide command ; 75
 " The seas from Europe, Africk part in vain ;
 " Swelling above those floods, her power
 " Shall, like its Nile, o'erflow the Libyan land.
 " Shining in polish'd steel, she dares
 " The glittering beams of gold despise, 80
 " Gold the great source of human cares,
 " Hid wisely deep from mortal eyes,
 " Till, sought in evil hour by hands unblest,
 " Opening the dark abodes,
 " There issued forth a direful train of woes, 85
 " That give mankind no rest ;
 " For gold, devoted to th' infernal gods,
 " No native human uses knows.

* Paris.

VI. " Where-

VI.

- " Where'er great Jove did place
 " The bounds of nature yet unseen, 90
 " He meant a goal of glory to the race
 " The Roman arms shall win :
 " Rejoicing, onward they approach
 " To view the outworks of the world,
 " The madding fires, in wild debauch, 95
 " The snows and rains unborn, in endless eddies
 " whirl'd !

VII.

- " 'Tis I, O Rome, pronounce these fates behind,
 " But will thy reign with this condition bind,
 " That no false filial piety,
 " In idle shapes deluding thee, 100
 " Or confidence of power,
 " Tempt thee again to raise a Trojan tower ;
 " Troy, plac'd beneath malignant stars,
 " Haunted with omens still the same,
 " Rebuilt shall but renew the former flame, 105
 " Jove's wife and sister leading on the wars.
 " Thrice let her shine with brazen wall,
 " Rear'd up by heavenly hands ;
 " And thrice in fatal dust she falls,
 " By faithful Grecian bands ; 110
 " Thrice the dire scene shall on the world return,
 " And captive wives again their sons and husbands
 " mourn."

But

GREENWICH-PARK. 93

But stop, presumptuous Muse, thy daring flight,
 Nor hope, in thy weak lyric lay,
 The heavenly language to display, 115
 Or bring the counsels of the gods to light.

GREENWICH - PARK.

THE Paphian isle was once the blest abode
 Of beauty's goddess and her archer-god.
 There blissful bowers and amorous shades were seen,
 Fair cypress walks, and myrtles ever green.
 'Twas there, surrounded by a hollow'd wood, 5
 Sacred to love, a splendid temple stood;
 Where altars were with costly gums perfum'd,
 And lovers sighs arose, and smoke from hearts con-
 sum'd.
 Till, thence remov'd, the queen of beauty flies
 To Britain, fam'd for bright victorious eyes. 10
 Here-fix'd, she chose a sweeter seat for Love,
 And Greenwich Park is now her Cyprian grove.
 Nor fair Parnassus with this hill can vie,
 Which gently swells into the wondering sky,
 Commanding all that can transport our sight, 15
 And varying with each view the fresh delight.
 From hence my Muse prepares to wing her way,
 And wanton, like the Thames, through smiling meads
 would stray,
 Describe the groves beneath, the sylvan bowers,
 The river's winding train, and great Augusta's towers.
 But

But see!—a living prospect drawing near
 At once transports, and raises awful fear!
 Love's favourite band, selected to maintain
 His choicest triumphs, and support his reign.
 Muse, pay thy homage here—Yet oh beware! 25
 And draw the glorious scene with artful care,
 For foolish praise is satire on the fair.

Behold where bright Urania does advance,
 And lightens through the trees with every glance!
 A careless pleasure in her air is seen; 30
 Diana shines with such a graceful mien,
 When in her darling woods she's feign'd to rove,
 The chase pursuing, and avoiding love.
 At flying deer the goddess boasts her aim,
 But Cupid shews the nymph a nobler game. 35
 Th' unerring shafts so various fly around,
 'Tis hard to say which gives the deepest wound.
 Or if with greater glory we submit,
 Pierc'd by her eyes, her humour, or her wit.

See next her charming sister, young and gay, 40
 In beauty's bloom like the sweet month of May!
 The sportful nymph once in the neighbouring grove
 Surpriz'd by chance the sleeping god of love;
 His head reclin'd upon a tuft of green,
 And by him scatter'd lay his arrows bright and keen;
 She ty'd his wings, and stole his wanton darts,
 Then, laughing, wak'd the tyrant lord of hearts;
 He smil'd,—and said—'Tis well, insulting fair!
 Yet how you sport with sleeping Love beware!
 My loss of darts I quickly can supply, 50
 Your looks shall triumph for Love's deity:

And

And though you now my feeble power disdain,
You once perhaps may feel a lover's pain.

Though Helen's form, and Cleopatra's charms,
The boast of fame, once kindled dire alarms : 55
Those dazzling lights the world no more must view,
And scarce would think the bright description true,
Did not that ray of beauty, more divine,
In Mira's eyes by transmigration shine.

Her shape, her air, proportion, lovely face, 60
And matchless skin content with rival grace ;
And Venus' self, proud of th' officious aid,
With all her charms adorns th' illustrious maid.

But hark !—what more than mortal sounds are
these ?

Be still, ye whispering winds, and moving trees ! 65
A second Mira does all hearts surprize,
At once victorious with her voice and eyes.
Her eyes alone can tenderest love inspire,
Her heavenly voice improves the young desire.
So western gales in fragrant gardens play 70 }
On buds produc'd by the sun's quickening ray,
And spread them into life, and gently chide their
stay. }

We court that skill, by which we're sure to die,
The modest fair would fain our suit deny,
And sings unwillingly, with trembling fear, 75
As if concern'd our ruin is so near ;
So generous victors softest pity know,
And with reluctance strike the fatal blow.

Engaging

Engaging Cynthia's arm'd with every grace ;
 Her lovely mind shines chearful through her face,
 A sacred lamp in a fair crystal case. }
 Not Venus star, the brightest of the sphere,
 Smiles so serene, or casts a light so clear.
 O happy brother of this wondrous fair !
 The best of sisters well deserves thy care ; 85
 Her sighing lovers, who in crouds adore,
 Would wish thy place, did they not wish for more.
 What angels are, when we desire to know,
 We form a thought by such as she below,
 And thence conclude they're bright beyond compare,
 Compos'd of all that's good, and all that's fair.
 There yet remains unnam'd a dazzling throng
 Of nymphs, who to these happy shades belong.
 O Venus ! lovely queen of soft desires !
 For ever dwell where such supply thy fires ! 95
 May Virtue still with Beauty share the sway,
 And the glad world with willing zeal obey !

T O

M O L I N D A.

TH' inspiring Muses and the God of Love,
 Which most should grace the fair Molinda strove
 Love arm'd her with his bow and keenest darts,
 The Muses more enrich'd her mind with arts.

Through

Though Greece in shining temples heretofore 5
Did Venus and Minerva's powers adore,
The ancients thought no single goddess fit,
To reign at once o'er Beauty and o'er Wit;
Each was a separate claim; till now we find
The different titles in Molinda join'd. 10

From hence, when at the court, the park, the play,
She gilds the evening, or improves the day,
All eyes regard her with transporting fire,
One sex with envy burns, and one with fierce desires:
But when, withdrawn from public show and noise, 15
In silent works her fancy she employs,
A smiling train of Arts around her stand,
And court improvement from her curious hand.
She, their bright patroness, o'er all presides,
And with like skill the pen and needle guides; 20
By this we see gay silken landisks wrought,
By that the landskip of a beauteous thought:
Whether her voice in tuneful airs she moves,
Or cuts dissembled flowers and paper groves,
Her voice transports the ear with soft delight, 25
Her flowers and groves surprize the ravish'd sight;
Which ev'n to Nature's wonders we prefer;
All but that wonder Nature form'd in her.

A L E T T E R

T O

A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

WHILST thou art happy in a blest retreat,
 And free from care dost rural songs repeat,
 Whilst fragrant air fans thy poetic fire,
 And pleasant groves with sprightly notes inspire,
 (Groves, whose recesses and refreshing shade
 Indulge th' invention, and the judgment aid)
 I, 'midst the smoke and clamours of the town,
 That choke my Muse, and weigh my fancy down,
 Pass my unactive hours; —
 In such an air, how can soft numbers flow,
 Or in such soil the sacred laurel grow?
 All we can boast of the poetic fire,
 Are but some sparks that soon as born expire.
 Hail happy woods! harbours of peace and joy!
 Where no black cares the mind's repose destroy!
 Where grateful Silence unmolested reigns,
 Assists the Muse, and quickens all her strains.
 Such were the scenes of our first parents' Jove,
 In Eden's groves with equal flames they strove,
 While warbling birds, soft whispering breaths of
 wind,
 And murmuring streams, to grace their nuptials join'd.
 All Nature smil'd; the plains were fresh and green,
 Unstain'd the fountains, and the heavens serene.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND. 99

Ye blest remains of that illustrious age !
 Delightful springs and woods !— 25
 Might I with you my peaceful days live o'er,
 You, and my friend, whose absence I deplore,
 Calm as a gentle brook's unruffled tide
 Should the delicious flowing minutes glide ;
 Discharg'd of care, on unfrequented plains, 30
 We'd sing of rural joys in rural strains.
 No false corrupt delights our thoughts should move,
 But joys of friendship, poetry, and love.
 While others fondly feed ambition's fire,
 And to the top of human state aspire, 35
 That from their airy eminence they may
 With pride and scorn th' inferior world survey,
 Here we should dwell obscure, yet happier far than
 they. }

H O R A C E,

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

" Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
 " Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu," &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

HENCE slavish fear ! thy Stygian wings dis-
 play !

Thou ugly fiend of hell, away !

H 2

Wrapp'd

Wrapp'd in thick clouds, and shades of night,
 To conscious souls direct thy flight !
 There brood on guilt, fix there a loath'd embrace,
 And propagate vain terrors, frights,
 Dreams, goblins, and imagin'd sprights,
 Thy visionary tribe, thy black and monstrous race.
 Go, haunt the slave that stains his hands in gore !
 Possess the perjur'd mind, and rack the Usurer more,
 Than his oppression did the poor before.

II.

Vainly, you feeble wretches, you prepare
 The glittering forgery of war ;
 The poison'd shaft, the Parthian bow, and spear
 Like that the warlike Moor is wont to wield, 15
 Which pois'd and guided from his ear
 He hurls impetuous through the field :
 In vain you lace the helm, and heave in vain the
 shield ;
 He's only safe, whose armour of defence
 Is adamantinné innocence. 20

III.

If o'er the steepy Alps he go,
 Vast mountains of eternal snow,
 Or where fam'd Ganges and Hydaspes flow ;
 If o'er parch'd Libya's desert land,
 Where threatening from afar 25
 Th' affrighted traveller
 Encounters moving hills of sand ;
 No sense of danger can disturb his rest ;

He

HORACE. ODE XXII. BOOK I. 101

He fears no human force, nor savage beast;
Impenetrable courage steels his manly breast. 30

IV.

Thus, late within the Sabine grove,
While free from care, and full of love,
I raise my tuneful voice, and stray
Regardless of myself and way,
A grizly wolf, with glaring eye, 35
View'd me unarm'd, yet pass'd unhurtful by.
A fiercer monster ne'er, in quest of food,
Apulian forests did molest;
Numidia never saw a more prodigious beast;
Numidia, mother of the yellow brood, 40
Where the stern lion shakes his knotted mane,
And roars aloud for prey, and scours the spacious plain.

V.

Place me where no soft breeze of summer wind
Did e'er the stiffen'd soil unbind,
Where no refreshing warmth e'er durst invade, 45
But Winter holds his unmolested seat,
In all his hoary robes array'd,
And rattling storms of hail, and noisy tempests beat.
Place me beneath the scorching blaze
Of the fierce sun's immediate rays, 50
Where house or cottage ne'er were seen,
Nor rooted plant or tree, nor springing green;
Yet, lovely Lalage, my generous flame
Shall ne'er expire; I'll boldly sing of thee,
Charm'd with the music of thy name, 55
And guarded by the gods of Love and Poetry.

H O R A C E,

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

T O G R O S P H U S.

"Orium Divos rogat in patenti

"Prensus Ægæo," &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

INDULGENT Quiet! power serene,
 Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love!
 O say, thou calm propitious queen,
 Say, in what solitary grove,
 Within what hollow rock, or winding cell, 5
 By human eyes unseen,
 Like some retreated Druid dost thou dwell?
 And why, illusive goddess! why,
 When we thy mansion would surround,
 Why dost thou lead us through enchanted ground,
 To mock our vain research, and from our wishes fly?

II.

The wandering sailors, pale with fear,
 For thee the gods implore,
 When the tempestuous sea runs high,
 And when, through all the dark benighted sky, 13

No

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI. 103

No friendly moon or stars appear
To guide their steerage to the shore :
For thee the weary soldier prays ;
Furious in fight the sons of Thrace,
And Medes, that wear majestic by their side 20
A full-charg'd quiver's decent pride,
Gladly with thee would pass inglorious days,
Renounce the warrior's tempting praise,
And buy thee, if thou might'st be sold,
With gems, and purple vests, and stores of plunder'd
gold. 25

III.

But neither boundless wealth, nor guards that wait
Around the consul's honour'd gate,
Nor anti-chambers with attendants fill'd,
The mind's unhappy tumults can abate,
Or banish sullen cares, that fly 30
Across the gilded rooms of state,
And their foul nests, like swallows, build
Close to the palace-roofs, and towers that pierce the sky.
Much less will Nature's modest wants supply ;
And happier lives the homely swain, 35
Who, in some cottage, far from noise,
His few paternal goods enjoys,
Nor knows the sordid lust of gain,
Nor with Fear's tormenting pain
His hovering sleeps destroys. 40

H 4

IV. Vain

IV.

Vain man! that in a narrow space
 At endless game projects the daring spear!
 For short is life's uncertain race;
 Then why, capricious mortal! why
 Dost thou for happiness repair 45
 To distant climates, and a foreign air?
 Fool! from thyself thou canst not fly,
 Thyself, the source of all thy care.
 So flies the wounded stag, provok'd with pain,
 Bounds o'er the spacious downs in vain; 50
 The feather'd torment sticks within his side,
 And from the smarting wound a purple tide
 Marks all his way with blood, and dyes the grassy plain.

V.

But swifter far is execrable Care
 Than fogs, or winds that through the skies 55
 Thick-driving snows and gather'd tempests bear;
 Pursuing Care the sailing ship out-flies,
 Climbs the tall vessel's painted sides;
 Nor leaves arm'd squadrons in the field,
 But with the marching horsemen rides, 60
 And dwells alike in courts and camps, and makes all
 places yield.

VI.

Then, since no state's compleatly blest,
 Let's learn the bitter to allay
 With gentle mirth, and wisely gay
 Enjoy at least the present day, 65
 And leave to fate the rest.

Nor

Nor with vain fear of ills to come
 Anticipate th' appointed doom.
 Soon did Achilles quit the stage,
 The hero fell by sudden death ; 70
 While Tithon to a tedious wasting age
 Drew his protracted breath.
 And thus old partial Time, my friend,
 Perhaps unask'd to worthless me
 Those hours of lengthen'd life may lend, 75
 Which he'll refuse to thee.

VII.

Thee shining wealth and plenteous joys surround,
 And, all thy fruitful fields around,
 Unnumber'd herds of cattle stray.
 Thy harness'd steeds with sprightly voice 80
 Make neighbouring vales and hills rejoice,
 While smoothly thy gay chariot flies o'er the swift
 measur'd way.
 To me the stars, with less profusion kind,
 An humble Fortune have assign'd,
 And no untuneful Lyric vein, 85
 But a sincere contented mind,
 That can the vile malignant crowd disdain.

THE
BIRTH OF THE ROSE.
FROM THE FRENCH.

ONCE, on a solemn festal day
Held by th' immortals in the skies,
Flora had summon'd all the Deities
That rule o'er gardens, or survey
The birth of greens and springing flowers,
And thus address'd the genial powers.

Ye shining graces of my courtly train,
The cause of this assembly know !
In sovereign majesty I reign
O'er the gay flowery universe below ;
Yet, my increasing glory to maintain,
A queen I'll chuse, with spotless honour fair,
The delegated crown to wear.
Let me your counsel and assistance ask,
T' accomplish this momentous task.

The Deities that stood around,
At first return'd a murmuring sound ;
Then said, Fair goddess, do you know
The factious feuds this must create,
What jealous rage and mutual hate
Among the rival flowers will grow ?

The

BIRTH OF THE ROSE. 107

The vilest thistle that infests the plain
Will think his tawdry painted pride
Deserves the crown; and, if deny'd,
Perhaps with traitor-plots molest your reign. 25
Vain are your fears, Flora reply'd,
'Tis fix'd—and hear how I'll the cause decide.

Deep in a venerable wood,
Where Oaks, with vocal skill endued,
Did wondrous oracles of old impart, 30
Beneath a little hill's inclining side

A grotto's seen where nature's art
Is exercis'd in all her smiling pride.

Retir'd in this sweet grassy cell,
A lovely wood-nymph once did dwell. 35

She always pleas'd; for more than mortal fire
Shone in her eyes, and did her charms inspire;
A Dryad bore the beauteous nymph, a Sylvan was her
fire.

Chaste, wise, devout, she still obey'd

With humble zeal heaven's dread commands, 40

To every action ask'd our aid,

And oft before our altars pray'd;

Pure was her heart, and undefil'd her hands.

She's dead—and from her sweet remains

The wondrous mixture I would take, 45

This much desir'd, this perfect flower to make.

Assist, and thus, with our transforming pains,

We'll dignify the garden-beds, and grace our favourite
plains. Th'

Th' applauding Deities with pleasure heard,
 And for the grateful work prepar'd. 50
 A busy face the God of Gardens wore;
 Vertumnus of the party too,
 From various sweets th' exhaling spirits drew;
 While, in full canisters, Pomona bore
 Of richest fruits a plenteous store; 55
 And Vesta promis'd wondrous things to do.
 Gay Venus led a lively train
 Of Smiles and Graces: the plump God of Wine
 From clusters did the flowing nectar strain,
 And fill'd large goblets with his juice divine. 60
 Thus charg'd, they seek the honour'd shade
 Where liv'd and dy'd the spotless maid.
 On a soft couch of turf the body lay;
 Th' approaching Deities press'd all around,
 Prepar'd the sacred rites to pay 65
 In silence, and with awe profound.
 Flora thrice bow'd, and thus was heard to pray.
 Jove! mighty Jove! whom all adore;
 Exert thy great creative power!
 Let this fair corpse be mortal clay no more; 70
 Transform it to a tree, to bear a beauteous flower—
 Scarce had the Goddess spoke; when see!
 The nymph's extended limbs the form of branches
 wear:
 Behold the wondrous change, the fragrant tree!
 To leaves was turn'd her flowing hair; 75
 And rich diffus'd perfumes regal'd the wanton air.
 Heavens!

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE. 109

Heavens ! what new charm, what sudden light,
Improves the grot, and entertains the sight !
A sprouting bud begins the tree t'adorn ;
The large, the sweet vermilion flower is born ! 80
The Goddess thrice on the fair infant breath'd,
To spread it into life, and to convey
The fragrant soul, and every charm bequeath'd
To make the vegetable princess gay ;
Then kiss'd it thrice : the general silence broke, 85
And thus in loud rejoicing accents spoke,

Ye flowers at my command attendant here,
Pay homage, and your sovereign Rose revere ?
No sorrow on your drooping leaves be seen ;
Let all be proud of such a queen, 90
So fit the floral crown to wear,
To glorify the day, and grace the youthful year !

Thus speaking, she the new-born favourite crown'd ;
The transformation was compleat ;
The Deities with songs the queen of flowers did greet :
Soft flutes and tuneful harps were heard to sound ;
While now to heaven the well-pleas'd Goddess flies
With her bright train, and ascends the skies.

SIX CANTATA'S

OR

POEMS FOR MUSIC.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ITALIANS.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.

"Non ante vulgatas per artes,

"Verba loquor socianda chordis."

HOR.



P R E F A C E,
(AS IT WAS PRINTED BEFORE THE MUSIC.)

T O T H E
LOVERS OF MUSIC.

MR. Pepusch having desired that some account should be prefixed to these Cantata's relating to the words, it may be proper to acquaint the publick, that they are the first Essays of this kind, and
were

were written as an experiment of introducing a sort of composition which had never been naturalized in our language. Those who are affectedly partial to the Italian tongue, will scarce allow music to speak any other ; but if reason may be admitted to have any share in these entertainments, nothing is more necessary than that the words should be understood, without which the end of Vocal Music is lost. The want of this occasions a common complaint, and is the chief, if not the only reason, that the best works of Scarlatti and other Italians, except those performed in Opera's, are generally but little known or regarded here. Besides, it may be observed, without any dishonour to a language which has been adorned by some writers of excellent genius, and was the first among the moderns in which the Art of Poetry was revived and brought to any perfection, that in the great number of their Opera's, Serenata's, and Cantata's, the words are often much inferior to the composition ; and though, by their abounding with vowels, they have an inimitable aptness and facility for notes, the writers for music have not always made the best use of this advantage, or seem to have relied on it so much as to have regarded little else ; so that Mr. Waller's remark on another occasion may be frequently applied to them.

“ Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.”

Yet

Yet so great is the force of sounds well chosen and skillfully executed, that as they can hide indifferent sense, and a kind of associated pleasure arises from the words though they are but mean, so the impression cannot fail of being in proportion much greater, when the thoughts are natural and proper, and the expressions unaffected and agreeable.

Since, therefore, the English language, though inferior in smoothness, has been found not incapable of harmony, nothing would perhaps be wanting towards introducing the most elegant style of music, in a nation which has given such generous encouragements to it, if our best Poets would sometimes assist this design, and make it their diversion to improve a sort of verse, in regular measures, purposely fitted for music, and which, of all the modern kinds, seems to be the only one that can now properly be called Lyrics.

It cannot but be observed on this occasion, that since Poetry and Musick are so nearly allied, it is a misfortune that those who excel in one, are often perfect strangers to the other. If therefore a better correspondence were settled between the two sister arts, they would probably contribute to each other's improvement. The expressions of Harmony, Cadence, and a good ear, which are said to be so necessary in Poetry, being all borrowed from Music, shew at least, if they signify any thing, that it would be no improper help for a Poet to understand more than the metaphorical sense of them. And on the other hand,

a composer can never judge where to lay the accent of his music, who does not know, or is not made sensible, where the words have the greatest beauty and force.

There is one thing in compositions of this sort, which seems a little to want explaining, and that is the Recitative Music, which many people hear without pleasure, the reason of which is, perhaps, that they have a mistaken notion of it. They are accustomed to think that all Music should be Air; and being disappointed of what they expect, they lose the beauty that is in it of a different kind. It may be proper to observe therefore, that the Recitative style in composition is founded on that variety of accent which pleases in the pronunciation of a good orator, with as little deviation from it as possible. The different tones of the voice, in astonishment, joy, sorrow, rage, tenderness, in affirmations, apostrophes, interrogations, and all the varieties of speech, make a sort of natural Music, which is very agreeable; and this is what is intended to be imitated, with some helps by the composer, but without approaching to what we call a Tune or Air; so that it is but a kind of improved elocution or pronouncing the words in musical cadences, and is indeed wholly at the mercy of the performer to make it agreeable or not, according to his skill or ignorance, like the reading of verse, which is not every one's talent. This short account may possibly suffice to shew how properly the recitative has a place in compositions of any length, to relieve the
ear

ear with a variety, and to introduce the *Airs* with the greater advantage.

As to Mr. Pepusch's success in these compositions, I am not at liberty to say any more than that he has, I think, very naturally expressed the sense of the words. He is desirous the publick should be informed that they are not only the first he has attempted in English, but the first of any of his works published by himself; and as he wholly submits them to the judgment of the lovers of this art, it will be a pleasure to him to find that his endeavours to promote the composing of Music in the English language, after a new model, are favourably accepted.

[A 116 1]
C A N T A T A I.

O N

ENGLISH BEAUTY.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Beauty's goddess from the ocean sprung,
Ascending, o'er the waves she cast a smile
On fair Britannia's happy isle,
And rais'd her tuneful voice, and thus she sung.

A I R.

Hail Britannia! hail to thee, 3
Fairest island of the sea!
Thou my favourite land shalt be.
Cyprus too shall own my sway,
And dedicate to me its groves;
Yet Venus and her train of loves 10
Will with happier Britain stay.
Hail Britannia! hail to thee,
Fairest island of the sea!
Thou my favourite land shalt be.

RECITATIVE.

Britannia heard the notes diffusing wide, 15
And saw the power whom gods and men adore
Approaching nearer with the tide,
And in a rapture loudly cry'd,
O welcome! welcome to my shore!

A I R.

AIR.

Lovely Isle! so richly blest! 20
 Beauty's palm is thine confest;
 Thy daughters all the world outshine,
 Nor Venus self is so divine:
 Lovely isle! so richly blest!
 Beauty's palm is thine confest. 25

CANTATA II.

ALEXIS.

RECITATIVE.

SEE,—from the silent grove Alexis flies,
 And seeks with every pleasing art
 To ease the pain, which lovely eyes
 Created in his heart.
 To shining theatres he now repairs, 5
 To learn Camilla's moving airs,
 Where thus to Music's power the swain address'd his
 prayers.

AIR.

Charming sounds! that sweetly languish,
 Music, O compose my anguish!

Every passion yields to thee: 10
 Piteous, quickly then relieve me;
 Cupid shall no more deceive me;
 I'll to sprightlier joys be free.

118 HUGHES'S POEMS.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the foolish swain ;
 He knew, when Daphné once he lov'd, 15
 How weak, t' assuage an amorous pain,
 His own harmonious art had prov'd,
 And all his healing herbs how vain.
 Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,
 Preluding to his voice, and sings. 20

A I R.

Sounds, though charming, can't relieve thee ;
 Do not, shepherd, then deceive thee,
 Music is the voice of Love.
 If the tender maid believe thee,
 Soft relenting, 25
 Kind consenting,
 Will alone thy pain remove.

C A N T A T A III.

O N T H E

S P R I N G.

[With Violins.]

A I R.

FRAGRANT Flora! haste, appear,
 Goddess of the youthful year!
 Zephyr gently courts thee now ;

On

CANTATA III.

119

On thy buds of roses playing,
 All thy breathing sweets displaying,
 Hark, his amorous breezes blow!
 Fragrant Flora! haste, appear!
 Goddess of the youthful year!
 Zephyr gently courts thee now.

5

RECITATIVE.

Thus on a fruitful hill, in the fair bloom of spring,
 The tuneful Colinet his voice did raise,
 The vales remurmur'd with his lays,
 And listening birds hung hovering on the wing,
 In whispering sighs soft Zephyr by him flew,
 While thus the shepherd did his song renew.

15

A I R.

Love and pleasure gaily flowing,
 Come this charming season grace!
 Smile, ye fair! your joys bestowing,
 Spring and youth will soon be going,
 Seize the blessings ere they pass;
 Love and pleasures gaily flowing,
 Come this charming season grace!

20

C A N T A T A IV.

M I R A N D A.

RECITATIVE.

MIRANDA's tuneful voice and fame
 Had reach'd the wondering skies;
 From heaven the god of Music came,
 And own'd a pleas'd surprize;
 Then, in a soft melodious lay,
 Apollo did these grateful praises pay.

A I R.

Matchless charmer! thine shall be
 The highest prize of harmony.
 Phoebus ever will inspire thee,
 And th' applauding world admire thee;
 All shall in thy praise agree.
 Matchless charmer! thine shall be
 The highest prize of harmony.

RECITATIVE.

The god then summon'd every Muse t' appear,
 And hail their sister of the quire;
 Smiling they stood around, her soothing strains to hear,
 And fill'd her happy soul with all their fire.

A I R.

O harmony! how wondrous sweet,
 Dost thou our cares allay!

When

CANTATA IV.

121

When all thy moving graces meet,
How softly dost thou steal our easy hours away!
O harmony! how wondrous sweet,
Dost thou our cares allay!

20

CANTATA V.

CORYDON.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE Corydon the lonely shepherd try'd
His tuneful flute, and charm'd the grove,
The jealous nightingales, that strove
To trace his notes, contending dy'd;
At last he hears within a myrtle shade,
An echo answer all his strain;
Love stole the pipe of sleeping Pan, and play'd;
Then with his voice decoys the listening swain.

5

A I R. [with a flute]

Gay shepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleasing scenes attend thee,

10

O this way speed thy pace!
If Music can delight thee,
Or visions fair invite thee,

This bow'r 's the happy place.

Gay shepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleasing scenes attend thee,

15

O this way speed thy pace!

RE-

RECITATIVE.

The shepherd rose, he gaz'd around,
 And vainly sought the magic sound;
 The God of Love his motion spies, 20
 Lays by the pipe, and shoots a dart
 Through Corydon's unwary heart,
 Then, smiling, from his ambush flies;
 While in his room, divinely bright,
 The reigning beauty of the groves surpriz'd the shep-
 herd's sight. 25

A I R.

Who, from Love his heart securing,
 Can avoid th' enchanting pain?
 Pleasure calls with voice alluring,
 Beauty softly binds the chain.
 Who, from Love his heart securing, 30
 Can avoid th' enchanting pain?

C A N T A T A VI.

T H E C O Q U E T.

RECITATIVE.

A I R Y Cloe, proud and young,
 The fairest tyrant of the plain,
 Laugh'd at her adoring swain.
 He sadly sigh'd—She gayly sung,
 And, wanton, thus reproach'd his pain. 5

A I R.

A I R.

Leave me, silly shepherd go ;
 You only tell me what I know,

You view a thousand charms in me ;
 Then cease thy prayers, I'll kinder grow,
 When I can view such charms in thee.

Leave me, silly shepherd, go ;
 You only tell me what I know,
 You view a thousand charms in me.

RECITATIVE.

Amyntor, fir'd by this disdain,
 Curs'd the proud fair, and broke his chain ;
 He rav'd, and at the scorner swore,
 And vow'd, he'd be Love's fool no more—
 But Cloe smil'd, and thus she call'd him back again.

A I R.

Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,

Now thou art a man, I love thee,

And without a blush resign.

But ungrateful is the passion,

And destroys our inclination,

When, like slaves, our lovers whine.

Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,

Now thou art a man, I love thee,

And without a blush resign.

THE PRAISES OF
HEROIC VIRTUE.
FROM THE FRAGMENTS OF TYRTÆUS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR 1701.

ON OCCASION OF

THE KING OF FRANCE'S BREAKING THE
PEACE OF RESWICK.

O Spartan youths! what fascinating charms
Have froze your blood! why rust your idle
arms?

When with awaken'd courage will you go?
And minds resolv'd to meet the threatening foe?
What! shall our vile æthargic sloth betray us
To greedy neighbours an ungarded prey?
Or can you see their armies rush from far?
And sit secure amidst the rage of war?
Ye gods! how great, how glorious, 'tis to see
The warrior-hero fight for liberty,
For his dear children, for his tender wife,
For all the valued joys, and soft supports of life?
Then let him draw his sword, and take the field,
And fortify his breast behind the spacious shield.

Nor

HEROIC VIRTUE. 125

Nor fear to die ; in vain you shun your fate, 15
 Nor can you shorten, nor prolong its date ;
 For life 's a measur'd race, and he that flies
 From darts and fighting foes, at home inglorious dies ;
 No grieving crowds his obsequies attend ;
 But all applaud and weep the soldier's end, 20
 Who, desperately brave, in fight sustains
 Inflicted wounds, and honourable stains,
 And falls a sacrifice to glory's charms :
 But if a just success shall crown his arms,
 For his return the rescued people wait, 25
 To see the guardian genius of the state ;
 With rapture viewing his majestic face,
 His dauntless mien, and every martial grace,
 They'll bless the toils he for their safety bore,
 Admire him living, and when dead adore. 30

UNDER THE PRINT OF TOM BRITTON,

THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL MAN.

THOUGH mean thy rank, yet in thy humble
 cell

Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell.
 Well-pleas'd Apollo thither led his train,
 And Music warbled in her sweetest strain !
 Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove,
 Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove.
 Let useless Pomp behold, and blush to find
 So low a station, such a liberal mind.

SONG.

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SONG.

S O N G.

THE FAIR TRAVELLER.

I.

IN young Astrea's sparkling eye,
 Refrless Love has fix'd his throne;
 A thousand lovers bleeding lie
 For her, with wounds they fear to own.

II.

While the coy beauty speeds her flight
 To distant groves from whence she came;
 So lightning vanishes from sight,
 But leaves the forest in a flame!

A C A N T A T A.

SET BY MR. D. PURCELL.

A I R.

LOVE, I defy thee!
 Venus, I fly thee!

I'm of chaste Diana's train.

Away, thou winged boy!

Thou bear'st thy darts in vain,

I hate the languid joy,

I mock the trifling pain.

Love,

A CANTATA.

127

Love, I defy thee !

Venus, I fly thee !

I'm of chaste Diana's train.

10

RECITATIVE.

Bright Venus and her son stood by,

And heard a proud disdainful fair

Thus boast her wretched liberty ;

They scorn'd she should the raptures share,

Which their happier captives know,

15

Nor would Cupid draw his bow

To wound the nymph, but laugh'd out this reply.

A I R.

Proud and foolish I hear your fate !

Waste your youth, and sigh too late

For joys which now you say you hate.

20

When your decaying eyes

Can dart their fires no more,

The wrinkles of threescore

Shall make you vainly wise.

Proud and foolish I hear your fate !

25

Waste your youth, and sigh too late

For joys which now you say you hate.

S O N G.

WOULD you gain the tender creature,

Softly—gently—kindly—treat her ;

Suffering is the lover's part :

Beauty by constraint possessing,

You enjoy but half the blessing,

5

Lifeless charms without the heart.

C U P I D

CUPID AND SCARLATI.

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

ON silver Tyber's vocal shore,
The fam'd Scarlati strook his lyre,
And strove, with charms unknown before,
The springs of tuneful sound t' explore,
Beyond what art alone could e'er inspire ;
When see—the sweet essay to hear,
Venus with her son drew near,
And, pleas'd to ask the master's aid,
The mother goddess smiling said.

AIR.

Harmonious son of Phœbus, see !
'Tis Love, 'tis little Love I bring.
The Queen of Beauty sues to thee,
To teach her wanton boy to sing.

RECITATIVE.

The pleas'd musician heard with joy,
And, proud to teach th' immortal boy,

Did

Did all his songs and heavenly skill impart ;
 The boy, to recompense his art,
 Repeating did each song improve,
 And breath'd into his airs the charms of love,
 And taught the master thus to touch the heart. 20

A I R.

Love, inspiring
 Sounds persuading,
 Makes his darts resistless fly :
 Beauty aiding,
 Arts aspiring, 25
 Gives them wings to rise more high.

A

CANTATA.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES BY
 SIGNIOR NICOLINI HAYM.

A I R.

YE tender powers ! how shall I move
 A careless maid that laughs at love ?
 Cupid, to my succour fly !
 Come with all thy thrilling darts,
 Thy melting flames to soften hearts ; 5
 Conquer for me, or I die !
 Ye tender powers ! how shall I move
 A careless maid that laughs at Love ?
 Cupid, to my succour fly !

K

R E.

130 HUGHES'S POEMS.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, in a melancholy shade, 10
A pensive lover to his aid
Invok'd the god of warm desire;
Love heard him, and, to gain the maid,
Did his successful thought inspire.

A I R.

Take her humour, smile, be gay, 15
In her favourite follies join,
That's the charm will make her thine.
Cast thy serious airs away,
Freely courting,
Toying, sporting, 20
Sooth her hours with amorous play.
Take her humour, smile, be gay,
In her favourite follies join,
That's the charm will make her thine.

PASTORAL,

P A S T O R A,
A C A N T A T A.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

O N fam'd Arcadia's flowery plains,
The gay Pastora once was heard to sing;
Close by a fountain's crystal spring
She warbled out her merry strains.

A I R.

Shepherds, would you hope to please us, 5

You must every humour try;

Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,

Often laugh, and sometimes cry.

Shepherds, would you hope to please us,

You must every humour try. 10

Soft denials

Are but trials,

You must follow when we fly.

Shepherds, would you hope to please us,

You must every humour try. 15

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who long ador'd this sprightly maid,

Yet never durst his love relate,

Resolv'd at last to try his fate,

He sigh'd!--She smil'd;--He kneel'd and pray'd;

She frown'd;—He rose, and walk'd away, 20
 But soon returning look'd more gay,
 And sung and danc'd, and on his pipe a chearful
 echo play'd.

A I R. [with an echo of flutes.]

Pastora fled to a shady grove;

Damon view'd her,

25

And pursued her;

Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.

The Nymph look'd back, well pleas'd to see

That Damon ran as swift as she.

Pastora fled to a shady grove,

30

Damon view'd her,

And pursued her:

Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.

PASTORAL MASQUE.

SCENE, A PROSPECT OF A WOOD.

Enter a Shepherd, and sings.

YE nymphs and shepherds of the grove,
 That know the pleasing pains of love,
 Eager for th' expected blessing,
 Sighing, panting for possessing!

Leave

A PASTORAL MASQUE. 133

Leave your flocks, and haste away, 5
With solemn state
To celebrate
Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

Enter a band of shepherds on one side with garlands;
on the other side, shepherdesses with canisters of
flowers.

CHORUS.

From the echoing hills, and the jovial plains,
Where the pleasure, and plenty, and happiness reigns,
We leave our flocks, and haste away,
With solemn state
To celebrate
Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

[A dance here.]

Scene opening discovers a pleasant bower, with the
God of Love asleep, attended by Cupids, some
playing with his bow, others sharpening his ar-
rows, &c. On each side the bower, walks of cy-
press trees, and fountains playing; a distant land-
skip terminates the prospect.

Verse for a shepherdess, with flutes.

See the mighty Power of Love 15
Sleeping in a Cyprian grove !
Nymphs and shepherds, gently shed
Spices round his sacred head ;

On his lovely body shower
 Leaves of roses, virgin lilies,
 Cowslips, violets, daffodilies, 20
 And with garlands dress the bower.

Pittornel of flutes. After which Cupid rises, and
 sings with his bow drawn.

Yield to the God of soft Desires !
 Whose gentle influence inspires
 Every creature
 Throughout nature 25
 With sprightly joys and genial fires.

Chorus of the Shepherds and Nymphs.

Hail, thou potent Deity !
 Every creature
 Throughout nature
 Owns thy power as well as we. 30

Enter Hymen in a saffron-coloured robe, a chaplet
 of flowers on his head, and in his hand the nuptial
 torch ; attended by priests.

H Y M E N.

Behold a greater power than he,
 Behold the Marriage Deity !

Chorus, by Hymen's Attendants.
 Behold the Marriage Deity !

C U P I D.

A PASTORAL MASQUE.

135

CUPID, smiling.

Behold the God of Household Strife,
That spoils the happy Lover's life,
And turns a Mistress to a Wife!

35

H Y M E N.

Foolish and inconstant boy!
Thine 's a transitory joy;
Sudden fits in Pleasure's fever;
Hymen's blessings last for ever.

40

C U P I D.

Hymen's bondage lasts for ever;
Love's free pleasures failing never.

H Y M E N.

Love's stolen pleasures, insincere,
Purchas'd at a rate too dear,
Shame and sorrow will destroy,
If Hymen license not the joy.

45

[Both together.]

Then let us join hands and unite.

Last Chorus of the Shepherds and Nymphs.

How happy, how happy, how happy are we,
Where Cupid and Hymen in consort agree!
We'll revel all day with sports and delight,
And Hymen and Cupid shall govern the night.

50

K 4

A C A N.

C A N T A T A.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

VENUS! thy throne of beauty now resign!

Behold on earth a conquering fair,

Who more deserves Love's crown to wear!

Not thy own star so bright in heaven does shine.

Ask of thy son her name, who with his dart

5

Has deeply grav'd it in my heart;

Or ask the God of tuneful sound,

Who sings it to his lyre,

And does this maid inspire

With his own art, to give a surer wound.

10

A I R.

Hark! the groves her songs repeat;

Echo lurks in hollow springs,

And, transported while she sings,

Learns her voice, and grows more sweet;

Could Narcissus see or hear her,

15

From his fountain he would fly,

And, with awe approaching near her,

For a real beauty die.

Hark!

Hark ! the groves her songs repeat ;
 Echo lurks in hollow springs, 20
 And, transported while she sings,
 Learns her voice, and grows more sweet.

RECITATIVE.

Yet Venus once again my suit attend !
 And when from heaven you shall descend,
 This shining empress to array, 25
 When you present her all your train of Loves,
 Your chariot, and your murmuring doves,
 Tell her she wants one charm to make the rest more
 gay,
 Then smiling to th' harmonious beauty say,

A I R.

To a lovely face and air, 30
 Let a tender heart be join'd.
 Love can make you doubly fair ;
 Music 's sweeter when you're kind.
 To a lovely face and air,
 Let a tender heart be join'd. 35

A

F R A G M E N T.

I N every age, to brighter honours born,
 Which loveliest nymphs and sweetest bards adorn,
 Beauty and Wit each other's aid require,
 And Poets sing what once the fair inspire ;

138 HUGHES'S POEMS.

The Fair for ever thus her charms prolong, 5
 And live rewarded in the tuneful song.
 Thus Sacharissa shines in Waller's lays,
 And she, who rais'd his genius, shares his praise.
 Each does in each a mutual life infuse,
 Th' inspiring Beauty, the recording Muse. 10

C L A U D I A N U S.

IN EPITHALAMIO HONORII ET MARIE.

CUNCTATUR stupefacta Venus. Nunc ora puellæ,
 Nunc flavam niveo miratus vertice matrem.
 Hæc modo crescenti, plenæ par altera lunæ :
 Assurgit ceu fortè minor sub matre virenti
 Laurus ; & ingentes ramos, olimque futuras 5
 Promittit jam parvæ Comas : vel Flore sub uno,
 Ceu geminæ Pæstana Rosæ per jugera regnant.
 Hæc largo matura die, saturataque Vernis
 Moribus, indulget spatio : latet altera nodo,
 Nec teneris audet Foliiis admittere soles. 10

T R A N S L A T E D.

Venus coming to a nuptial ceremony, and entering the
 room, sees the bride and her mother sitting to-
 gether, &c. On which occasion Claudian makes
 the following description.

THE Goddess paus'd ; and, held in deep amaze,
 Now views the mother's, now the daughter's
 face ;

Different

Different in each, yet equal beauty glows,
 That, the full moon, and this, the crescent shows :
 Thus, rais'd beneath its parent tree is seen 5
 The laurel shoot, while, in its early green,
 Thick-sprouting leaves and branches are essay'd,
 And all the promise of a future shade,
 Or, blooming thus, in happy Pæstan fields,
 One common stock two lovely roses yields ; 10
 Mature by vernal dews, this dares display
 Its leaves full-blown, and boldly meets the day ;
 That, folded in its tender nonage lies,
 A beauteous bud, nor yet admits the skies.

A

C A N T A T A.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

A I R.

FOOLISH Love ! I scorn thy darts
 And all thy little wanton arts,
 To captivate unmanly hearts.
 Shall a woman, proud and coy,
 Make me languish for a toy ?
 Foolish Love ! I scorn thy darts,
 And all thy little wanton arts,
 To captivate unmanly hearts.

R E.

RECITATIVE.

Thus Strephon mock'd the Power of Love, and
 swore
 His freedom he would still maintain,
 Not ever wear th' inglorious chain,
 Or slavishly adore.
 But when Lamira cross'd the plain,
 The shepherd gaz'd, and thus revers'd his strain.

A I R.

Love, I feel thy power divine,
 And blushing now my heart resign!
 Ye swains, my folly don't despise!
 But look on fair Lamira's eyes,
 Then tell me if you can be wise.
 Love, I feel thy power divine,
 And blushing now my heart resign!

T H E

SOLDIER IN LOVE.

A

CANTATA.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES BY MR. PEPUSCH.

A I R.

W H Y, too amorous Hero! why
 Dost thou the war forego,
 At Celia's feet to lie,

And

THE SOLDIER IN LOVE. 141

And fighting tell thy woe?
Can you think that sneaking air 5
Fit to move th' unpitying fair?
She laughs to see thee trifle so.
Why, too amorous Hero! why
Dost thou the war forego,
At Celia's feet to lie, 10
And fighting tell thy woe?

RECITATIVE.

Cleander heard not this advice,
Nor would his languishing refrain.
But while to Celia once he pray'd in vain,
By chance his image in a glass he spies, 15
And, blushing at the sight, he grew a man again.

A I R. [With a Trumpet.]

Hark! the trumpet sounds to arms!
I come, I come, the warrior cries,
And from scornful Celia flies,
To court Victoria's charms. 20
Celia beholds his alter'd brow,
And would regain her lover now.
Hark! the trumpet sounds to arms!
I come, I come, the warrior cries,
And from scornful Celia flies, 25
To court Victoria's charms.

A N
O D E

IN PRAISE OF
M U S I C.
PERFORMED AT STATIONERS HALL,
1703.

Descende Cœlo, & dic age tibiâ
Regina longum Calliope melos!
Seu voce nunc mavis acutâ,
Seu fidibus, Cytharâve Phœbi. HOR.

{Begin with a Chorus.}

I.
AWAKE, cœlestial Harmony!
Awake, cœlestial Harmony!
Turn thy vocal sphere around,
Goddess of melodious sound.
Let the Trumpet's shrill voice,
And the Drum's thundering noise,
Rouze every dull mortal from sorrows profound.

5

See

See, see!

The mighty power of Harmony!

Behold how soon its charms can chase 10

Grief and gloom from every face!

How swift its raptures fly,

And thrill through every soul, and brighten every
eye!

II.

Proceed, sweet charmer of the ear!

Proceed; and through the mellow flute, 15

The moving lyre,

And solitary lute,

Melting airs, soft joys inspire:

Airs for drooping Hope to hear,

Melting as a lover's prayer; 20

Joys to flatter dull Despair,

And softly sooth the amorous fire.

CHORUS.

Melting airs, soft joys inspire:

Airs for drooping Hope to hear,

Melting as a lover's prayer; 25

Joys to flatter dull Despair,

And softly sooth the amorous fire.

III.

Now let the sprightly Violin

A louder strain begin;

And

And now

30

Let the deep-mouth'd Organ blow,
Swell it high, and sink it low.

Hark!—how the Treble and Base

In wanton fugues each other chase,

And swift divisions run their airy race!

35

Through all the travers'd scale they fly,

In winding labyrinths of harmony;

By turns they rise and fall, by turns we live and die.

CHORUS.

In winding labyrinths of harmony,

Through all the travers'd scale they fly:

40

By turns they rise and fall, by turns we live and die.

IV.

Ye sons of Art, once more renew your strains;

In loftier verse, and loftier lays,

Your voices raise

To Music's praise!

45

A nobler song remains.

Sing how the great Creator-God

On wings of flaming cherubs rode,

To make a world; and round the dark abyss,

Turn'd the * golden compasses,

50

The compasses in Fate's high storehouse found;

Thus far extend, he said; be this

O World, thy measur'd bound.

* Milton.

Mean

ODE ON MUSIC. 345

Mean while a thousand harps were play'd on high;
 Be this thy measur'd bound, 55
 Was echo'd all around:
 And now arise, ye Earth and Seas, and Sky!
 A thousand voices made reply,
 Arise, ye Earth and Seas, and Sky!

V.

What can Music's power control? 60
 When Nature's sleeping soul
 Perceiv'd th' enchanting sound,
 It wak'd, and shook off foul deformity;
 The mighty melody
 Nature's secret chains unbound; 65
 And Earth arose, and Seas, and Sky.
 Aloft expanded spheres were slung,
 With shining luminaries hung;
 A vast Creation stood display'd,
 By Heaven's inspiring Music made. 70

CHORUS.

O wondrous force of Harmony!

VI.

Divinest Art, whose fame shall never cease!
 Thy honour'd voice proclaim'd the Saviour's birth;
 When Heaven vouchsaf'd to treat with Earth,
 Music was herald of the peace: 75

L

Thy

346 HUGHES'S POEMS.

Thy voice could best the joyful tidings tell ;
 Immortal Mercy ! boundless Love !
 A God descending from above,
 To conquer Death and Hell.

VII.

There yet remains an hour of fate, 80
 When Music must again its charms employ ;
 The Trumpet's sound
 Shall call the numerous nations under ground.
 The numerous nations straight
 Appear ; and some with grief, and some with joy, 85
 Their final sentence wait.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then other arts shall pass away :
 Proud Architecture shall in ruins lie,
 And Painting fade and die,
 Nay Earth, and Heaven itself, in wasteful fire decay. 90
 Music alone, and Poesy,
 Triumphant o'er the flame, shall see
 The world's last blaze.
 The tuneful sisters shall embrace,
 And praise and sing, and sing and praise, 95
 In never-ceasing choirs to all eternity.

APOLLO

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

DAPHNE, the beautiful, the coy,
 Along the winding shore of Peneus flew;
 To shun Love's tender, offer'd joy;
 Though 'twas a God that did her charms pursue.
 While thus Apollo, in a moving strain, 5
 Awak'd his lyre, and softly breath'd his amorous pain.

AIR.

Fairest mortal! stay and hear;
 Cannot Love, with Music join'd,
 Touch thy unrelenting mind?
 Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear; 10
 Fairest mortal! stay and hear;
 Cannot Love, with Music join'd,
 Touch thy unrelenting mind?

RECITATIVE.

The River's echoing banks with pleasure did prolong
 The sweetly warbled sounds, and murmur'd with the
 song. 15

L. 2

Daphne

Daphne fled swifter, in despair,

20

To 'scape the God's embrace:

And to the genius of the place,

She sigh'd this wondrous prayer:

A I R.

Father Peneus, hear me, aid me!

Let some sudden change invade me;

25

Fix me rooted on thy shore.

Cease, Apollo, to persuade me;

I am Daphne now no more.

Father Peneus, hear me, aid me!

Let some sudden change invade me;

30

Fix me rooted on thy shore.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo wondering stood to see

The nymph transform'd into a tree:

Vain were his lyre, his voice, his tuneful art,

His passion, and his race divine;

35

Nor could th' eternal beams that round his temples
shine,

Melt the cold virgin's frozen heart.

A I R.

Nature alone can Love inspire;

Art is vain to move Desire.

If Nature once the fair incline,

To their own passion they resign.

Nature alone can Love inspire;

Art is vain to move Desire.

A

THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

DELIGHTFUL mansion! blest retreat
 Where all is silent, all is sweet
 Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
 The raptur'd Muse more tuneful sings,
 While May leads on the chearful hours,
 And opens a new world of flowers.
 Gay Pleasure here all dresses wears,
 And in a thousand shapes appears.
 Pursued by Fancy, how she roves,
 Through airy walks, and muselul groves;
 Springs in each plant and blossom'd tree,
 And charms in all I hear and see!
 In this clyfium while I stray,
 And Nature's faireft face furvey,
 Earth feems new-born, and life more bright;
 Time fleals away, and fmoother his flight;
 And thought 's bewilder'd in delight.
 Where are the crowds I faw of late?
 What are thofe tales of Europe's fate?
 Of Anjou, and the Spanifh crown;
 And leagues to pull ufurpers down?
 Of marching armies, diftant wars;
 Of factions, and domeftic jars;

Sure these are last night's dreams, no more;
 Or some romance, read lately o'er; 25
 Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
 And powers confederate to destroy
 Priam's proud house, the Dardan name,
 With him that stole the ravish'd dame,
 And, to possess another's right, 30
 Durst the whole world to arms excite.
 Come, gentle Sleep, my eye-lids close,
 These dull impressions help me lose;
 Let Fancy take her wing, and find
 Some better dream to sooth my mind; 35
 Or waking let me learn to live;
 The prospect will instruction give.
 For see, where beauteous Thames does glide
 Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
 Free from extremes of ebb and flow, 40
 Not swell'd too high, nor sunk too low;
 Such let my life's smooth current be,
 Till, from Time's narrow shore set free,
 It mingle with th' eternal sea;
 And, there enlarg'd, shall be no more 45
 That trifling thing it was before.

ANNUAL
TO THE
NEW YEAR, 1705.

I.

JANUS! great Leader of the rolling year,
Since all that's past no vows can e'er restore,
But joys and griefs alike, once hurry'd o'er,
No longer now deserve a smile or tear;
Close the fantastic scenes—but grace
With brightest aspects thy foreface
While time's new offspring hastens to appear.
With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
Command the circling seasons to advance,
And form their renovated dance,
With flowing pleasures fraught, and bless'd by friend-
ly powers.

II.

Thy month, O Janus! gave me first to know
A mortal's trifling cares below;
My race of life began with thee.
Thus far, from great misfortunes free,
Contented, I my lot endure,
Nor nature's rigid laws arraign,
Nor spurn at common ills in vain,
Which folly cannot shun, nor wise reflection cure.

III.

But oh!—more anxious for the year to come, 20
 I would foreknow my future doom.
 Then tell me, Janus, canst thou spy
 Events that yet in embryo lie
 For me, in time's mysterious womb?
 Tell me—nor shall I dread to hear 25
 A thousand accidents severe;
 I'll fortify my soul the load to bear,
 If love rejected add not to its weight,
 To finish me in woes, and crush me down with fate.

IV.

But if the goddess, in whose charming eyes, 30
 More clearly written than in fate's dark book,
 My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
 If she must with a less propitious look
 Forbid my humble sacrifice,
 Or blast me with a killing frown; 35
 If, Janus, this thou seest in store,
 Cut short my mortal thread, and now
 Take back the gift thou didst bestow!
 Here let me lay my burden down,
 And cease to love in vain, and be a wretch no more. 40

C A N.

EMSO [153] HOUR
C A N T A T A

Set by Mr. GALLIARD.

W H I L E on your blooming charms I gaze,
Your tender lips, your soft enchanting eyes,
And all the Venus in your face,
I'm fill'd with pleasure and surprize :
But, cruel goddess ! when I find
Diana's coldness in your mind,
How can I bear that fix'd disdain ?
My pleasure dies, and I but live in pain.

A I R.

Tyrant Cupid ! when, relenting,
Will you touch the charmer's heart ?
Sooth her breast to soft consenting,
Or remove from mine the dart !
Tyrant Cupid ! when, relenting,
Will you touch the charmer's heart ?

R E C I T A T I V E.

But see ! while to my passion voice I give,
Th' applauded beauty, doubly bright,
Seems in the moving tale to take delight,
And looks, as she would let me live ;
And yet she chides, but with so sweet an air,
That while she Love denies, she yet forbids Despair.

A I R.

A I R.

Fear not, doubting fair! t'approve me;

Can you love me?

Frown not, if you answer no;

If you answer, frown not, no.

When again I ask, pursuing,

If you'll stay and see my ruin?

Fly—but let me with you go!

Blush not, doubting fair, t'approve me;

Can you love me?

Smile, and every fear forego!

4 AP 54

A N

[155]

A N

O D E

F O R

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL
MUSIC.

To the memory of the most Noble

W I L L I A M

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

ANNO MDCCVII.

SET TO MUSIC BY J. PEPUSCH.



[OVERTURE OF BRITISH MUSIC.]

B R I T A N N I A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

YE generous Arts and Muses, join ;
While down your cheeks the streaming sorrows flow,
Let murmuring strings with the soft voice combine
T' express the melody of woe.

And

256 HUGHES'S POEMS.

And thou, Augusta! rise and wait
With decent honours on the great;
Condole my loss, and weep Devonian's fate.

5

A I R. [with flutes.]

Queen of cities! leave a while
Thy beauteous smile,

Turn to tender grief thy joy.

10

From thy shore of Thames replying,

Gentlest echoes fainting, dying,

Shall their sorrow too employ.

Queen of cities! leave awhile

Thy beauteous smile,

15

Turn to tender grief thy joy.

A U G U S T A.

RECITATIVE.

'Tis fame's chief immortality,

Britannia, to be mourn'd by thee.

I know the loss; from midnight skies.

Ill omens late did strike my eyes;

20

Near the radiant northern car

I look'd, and saw a falling star.

A I R.

A I R.

Lands remote the loss will bear;

From rocks reporting,

Seas transporting,

25

Will the wafed sorrow bear.

Winds that fly,

Will softly sigh,

A star has left the British sphere.

Lands remote, &c.

30

B R I T A N N I A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

'Great George! whose azure emblems of renown

Are the fair gifts of Britain's crown,

Patron of my illustrious isle!

Thou saw'st thy order late express

With added brightness on Devon's breast; 35

Meet the companion knight, and own him with a smile.

D U E T T O F O R B R I T A N N I A

A N D A U G U S T A.

BRIT. To shade his peaceful grave,

Let growing palms extend!

AUG. To grace his peaceful grave,

Let hovering Loves attend!

40

BOTH. { To shade, &c.
 { To grace, &c.

BRIT.

BRIT. And wakeful Fame defend,

AUG. And grateful Truth commend,

BOTH. The generous and the brave! 45

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Now shall Augusta's sons their skill impart,

And summon the dumb sister art,

In marble life to show,

What the patriot was below.

Here, let a weeping Cupid stand,

And wound himself with his own dart; 50

There place the ducal crown, the sword, the wand,

The mark of Anna's trust and his command.

AIR.

Lofty birth and honours shining,

Bring a light on noble minds. 55

Every courtly grace combining,

Every generous action joining,

With eternal laurel binds.

Lofty birth and honours shining,

Bring a light on noble minds. 60

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Behold fair Liberty attend,

And in Devon's loss bewail a friend,

See! o'er his tomb perpetual lamps the lights,

Then, on his urn the goddess writes

"Pre-

“ Preserve, O urn ! his silent dust, 65
 “ Who faithful did obey
 “ Princes like Anna good and just,
 “ Yet scorn’d his freedom to betray;
 “ And, hated by all tyrants, chose
 “ The glory to have such his foes.” 70

A U G U S T A.

RECITATIVE.

Genius of Britain ! give thy sorrows o’er.
 A grateful tribute thou hast paid
 To thy Devonian’s noble shade ;
 Now, vainly weep the dead no more !
 For see—the duke and patriot still survives, 75
 And in his Great Successor lives.

B R I T A N N I A.

RECITATIVE.

I own the new arising light,
 I see paternal grandeur shine,
 Descending, through th’ illustrious line,
 In the same royal favours bright. 80

Last D U E T T O, with all the instruments.

BRIT. Gently smooth thy flight, O time !

AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O time !

BOTH. And as thou flying growest old,

Still this happy race behold

In Britannia’s court sublime. 85

BRIT.

160 HUGHES'S POEMS.

BRIT. Lead along their smiling hours;

AUG. Long produce their smiling hours;

BOTH. Blest by all auspicious powers.

BRIT. Gently smooth thy flight, O time!

AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O time! 90

BOTH. And as thou flying growest old,

Still this happy race behold

In Britannia's court sublime.

E P I L O G U E

Spoken by Mr. MILLS,

At the Queen's Theatre, on his Benefit-Night, February 16, 1709; a little before the Duke of Marlborough's going for Holland.

W H E T H E R our stage all others does excell
In strength of wit, we'll not presume to tell:

But this, with noble, conscious pride, we'll say,

No Theatre such glories can display;

Such worth conspicuous, beauty so divine, 5

As in one British audience mingled shine.

Who can, without amazement, turn his sight,

And mark the awful circle here to-night?

Warriors, with ever-living laurels, brought

From empires sav'd, from battles bravely fought, 10

Here sit; whose matchless story shall adorn

Scenes yet unwrit, and charm e'en ages yet unborn.

Yet who would not expect such martial fire,

That sees what eyes those gallant deeds inspire?

Valour

Valour and Beauty still were Britain's claim, 15
Both are her great prerogatives of Fame;
By both the Muses live, from both they catch their
flame. }

Then as by you, in solid glory bright,
Our envy'd isle through Europe spreads her light,
And rising honours every year sustain,
And mark the golden track of Anne's distinguish'd
reign;
So, by your presence here, we'll strive to raise
To nobler heights our action and our plays;
And Poets from your favours shall derive
That immortality they boast to give. 25

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW

GREENHITHE.

GREAT president of light, and eye of day,
As through this glass you cast your visual ray,
And view with nuptial joys two brothers blest,
And see us celebrate the genial feast,
Confess that, in your progress round the sphere,
You've found the happiest youths and brightest beau-
ties here.

M

THE

THE TOASTERS.

WHILE circling healths inspire your sprightly
 wit,
 And on each glass some beauty's praise is writ,
 You ask, my friends, how can my silent Muse
 To Montague's soft name a verse refuse?
 Bright though she be, of race victorious sprung,
 By wits ador'd, and by court-poets sung,
 Unmov'd I hear her person call'd divine,
 I see her features uninspiring shine;
 A softer fair my soul to transport warms,
 And, she once nam'd, no other nymph has charms.

TOFTS AND MARGARETTA.

MUSIC has learn'd the discords of the state,
 And concerts jar with whig and tory hate.
 Here Somerset and Devonshire attend
 The British Tofts, and every note commend,
 To native merit just, and pleas'd to see
 We've Roman arts, from Roman bondage free,
 There sam'd L'Epine does equal skill employ,
 While listening peers crowd to th' ecstatic joy:
 Bedford, to hear her song, his dice forsakes,
 And Nottingham is raptur'd when she shakes:

Lull'd

Lull'd statesmen melt away their drowly cares
 Of England's safety in Italian airs.
 Who would not send each year blank passes o'er,
 Rather than keep such strangers from our shore?

THE WANDERING BEAUTY.

I.

THE Graces and the wandering Loves
 Are fled to distant plains,
 To chace the fawns, or deep in groves
 To wound admiring swains.
 With their bright mistress there they stray,
 Who turns her careless eyes
 From daily triumphs; yet, each day,
 Beholds new triumphs in her way,
 And conquers while she flies.

II.

But see! implor'd, by moving prayers,
 To change the lover's pain,
 Venus her harness'd doves prepares,
 And brings the fair again.
 Proud mortals, who this maid pursue,
 Think you, she'll e'er resign?
 Cease, fools, your wishes to renew,
 Till she grows flesh and blood like you,
 Or you, like her, divine!

164
D I A L O G U E

D E

L'AMOUR ET DU POÈTE.

LE P. **A**MOUR, je ne veux plus aimer ;
J'abjure à jamais ton empire :
Mon Cœur, lassé de son Martire,
A résolu de se calmer.

L'AM. Contre moi, qui peut t'animer ?
Iris, dans ses bras te rappelle.

LE P. Non, Iris est une infidelle ;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Pour toi, j'ai pris soin d'enflamer
Le cœur d'une beauté nouvelle ;
Daphné.—Le P. Non, Daphné n'est que belle ;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. D'un soupir, tu peux desarmer
Dircé, jusqu'ici si sauvage.

LE P. Elle n'est plus dans le bel âge ;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'Am.

D I A L O G U E

FROM THE

FRENCH OF MONSIEUR DE LA MOTTE.

POET. **N**O, Love—I ne'er will love again ;
 Thy Tyrant Empire I abjure ;
 My weary heart resolves to cure
 Its wounds, and ease the raging pain.

LOVE. Fool ? canst thou fly my happy reign ?
 Iris recalls thee to her arms.

POET. She's false—I hate her perjur'd charms ;
 No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. But know for thee I've toil'd to gain
 Daphné, the bright, the reigning toast.

POET. Daphné but common eyes can boast ;
 No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. She who before scorn'd every swain,
 Dircé, shall for one sigh be thine.

POET. Age makes her rays too faintly shine ;
 No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

L'AM. Mais si je t'aiderois à charmer
 La jeune, la brillante Flore.—
 Tu rougis—vas-tu dire encore,
 Amour, je ne veux plus aimer ?

Le P. Non, Dieu charmant, daigne former
 Pour nous une chaîne éternelle ;
 Mais pour tout ce qui n'est point elle,
 Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

LOVE.

LOVE. But should I give thee charms t' obtain
Flora, the young, the bright, the gay!
I see thee blush—now, rebel, say,
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

POET. No, charming God, prepare a chain
Eternal for that fair and me!
Yet still know every fair but she,
I've vow'd I ne'er will love again.

VENUS AND ADONIS,

A

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. HANDEL.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD where weeping Venus stands !
 What more than mortal grief can move
 The bright, th' immortal Queen of Love ?
 She beats her breast, she wrings her hands ;
 And hark, she mourns, but mourns in vain,
 Her beauteous, lov'd Adonis, slain.
 The hills and woods her loss deplore ;
 The Naiads hear, and flock around ;
 And Echo sighs, with mimic sound,
 Adonis is no more !
 Again the goddess raves, and tears her hair ;
 Then vents her grief, her love, and her despair.

A I R.

Dear Adonis, beauty's treasure,
 Now my sorrow, once my pleasure ;
 O return to Venus' arms !
 Venus never will forsake thee ;
 Let the voice of Love o'ertake thee,
 And revive thy drooping charms.

R E -

RECITATIVE.

Thus, Queen of Beauty, as thy Poets feign,
 While thou didst call the lovely swain; 20
 Transform'd by heavenly power,
 The lovely swain arose a flower,
 And, smiling, grac'd the plain.
 And now he blooms, and now he fades;
 Venus and gloomy Proserpine 25
 Alternate claim his charms divine;
 By turns restor'd to light, by turns he seeks the shades.

A I R.

Transporting joy,
 Tormenting fears,
 Reviving smiles, 30
 Succeeding tears,
 Are Cupid's various train.
 The tyrant boy
 Prepares his darts,
 With soothing wiles, 35
 With cruel arts,
 And pleasure blends with pain.

C A N T A T A.

P A S T O R A L.

SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

YOUNG Strephon, by his folded sheep,
 Sat wakeful on the plains :
 Love held his weary eyes from sleep,
 While, silent in the vale,
 The listening nightingale
 Forgot her own, to hear his strains.
 And now the beauteous Queen of Night,
 Unclouded and serene,
 Sheds on the neighbouring sea her silver light ;
 The neighbouring sea was calm and bright ;
 The shepherd sung inspir'd, and blest'd the lovely scene.

A I R.

While the sky and seas are shining,
 See, my Flora's charms they wear ;
 Secret night, my joys divining,
 Pleas'd my amorous tale to hear ;
 Smiles, and softly turns her sphere.
 While the sky and seas are shining,
 See, my Flora's charms they wear.

R E-

RECITATIVE.

Ah, foolish Strephon! change thy strain;
 The lovely scene false joy inspires;
 For look, thou fond, deluded swain,
 A rising storm invades the main!
 The Planet of the night,
 Inconstant, from thy sight
 Behind a cloud retires.
 Flora is fled; thou lov'st in vain:
 Ah, foolish Strephon! change thy strain.

A I R.

Hope beguiling,
 Like the moon and ocean smiling,
 Does thy easy faith betray,
 Flora ranging,
 Like the moon and ocean changing,
 More inconstant proves than they.

BEAUTY,
 A N O D E.

I.

FAIR rival to the god of day,
 Beauty, to thy celestial ray
 A thousand sprightly fruits we owe;
 Gay wit, and moving eloquence,
 And every art t' improve the sense,
 And every grace that shines below.

I

II. Not

RECITATIVE

Not Phœbus does our songs inspire,
 Nor did Cyllenius form the lyre,
 'Tis thou art Musick's living spring;
 To thee the Poet tunes his lays,
 And, sweetly warbling Beauty's praise,
 Describes the power that makes him sing.

III.

Painters from thee their skill derive,
 By thee their works to ages live,
 For ev'n thy shadows give surprize,
 As when we view in crystal streams
 The morning sun, and rising beams
 That seem to shoot from other skies.

IV.

Enchanting vision! who can be
 Unmov'd that turns his eyes on thee?
 Yet brighter still thy glories shine,
 And double charms thy power improve,
 When Beauty, dress'd in smiles of Love,
 Grows, like its parent Heaven, divine!

A N D O F

FAIR

Beauty to the world is day

A thousand bright ideas we draw

From her, and moving eloquence

MY A.

And every grace that shines below

M Y R A

A
C A N T A T A.

SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

A I R.

LOVE frowns in beauteous Myra's eyes;
Ah, nymph! those cruel looks give o'er.
While Love is frowning, Beauty dies,
And you can charm no more.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mark, how when fullen clouds appear,
And wintery storms deface the year,
The prudent cranes no longer stay,
But take the wing, and through the air,
From the cold region fly away,
And far o'er land and seas to warmer climes repair.
Just so, my heart—But see—Ah no!
She smiles—I will not, cannot go.

A I R.

Love and the Graces smiling,
In Myra's eyes beguiling,
Again their charms recover.
Would you secure our duty,
Let kindness aid your beauty,
Ye fair, to sooth the lover.

A L E X.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:
OR,
THE POWER OF MUSIC.
AND
O D D E
IN
HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.
BY MR. DRYDEN.

ALTERED FOR MUSIC BY MR. HUGHES.

I.
RECITATIVE.

TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son;
Aloft in awful state,
The godlike hero fate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.

AIR.

Lovely Thais by his side
Blooming fat in beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the brave deserves the fair!

II. RE.

II.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
 Trembling the notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above;
 (Such is the power of mighty Love!
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,
 And while he fought her snowy breast;
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the
 world.
 The listening croud adore the lofty sound,
 A present deity, they shout around;
 A present deity, the echoing roofs rebound!

A I R.

With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects the nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

III. R E-

III.

RECITATIVE.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet Musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
 Behold he comes, the victor god!
 Flush'd with a purple grace,
 He shews his honest face;
 As when, by tigers drawn, o'er India's plains he rode,
 While, loud with conquest and with wine,
 His jolly troop around him reel'd along,
 And taught the vocal skies to join
 In this applauding song.

DUETTO.

Bacchus ever gay and young,
 First did drinking joys ordain:
 1. Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
 2. Drinking is the soldier's pleasure
 1. Rich the treasure,
 2. Sweet the pleasure!
 BOTH. Sweet is pleasure after pain!

VI.

RECITATIVE.

Fir'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again,
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
 the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;

And

And while he Heaven and Earth defy'd,
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse;
 Then thus he chang'd his song, and check'd his pride.

A I R.

See Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fall'n from his high estate;
 Behold his flowing blood!
 On earth th' expiring monarch lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

V.

R E C I T A T I V E.

With downcast looks the joyless victor fate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.
 The mighty master smil'd to see
 That love was in the next degree,
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move:
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

A I R with flutes.

War is toil and trouble,
 Honour is an airy bubble,

N

Never

Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying,
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it, worth enjoying:
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.

VI.

RECITATIVE.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair,
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

DUETTO.

1. Phœbus, patron of the lyre,
2. Cupid, god of soft desire,
1. Cupid, god of soft desire,
2. Phœbus, patron of the lyre,
- 1 & 2. How victorious are your charms?
1. Crown'd with conquest,
2. Full of glory,
- 1 & 2. See a monarch fall'n before ye,
 Chain'd in beauty's clasping arms!

VII.

RECITATIVE.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain :
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
Rouze him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he stares around !

A I R [with symphonies.]

Revenge, Revenge, Alecto cries,
See the furies arise !
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

VIII.

RECITATIVE.

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
'Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods !

A I R.

The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

IX.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute ;
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

A I R.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down.

SONGS.

S O N G S.

I.

THY origin 's divine, I see,
Of mortal race thou can'st not be;
Thy lip a ruby lustre shows;
Thy purple cheek outshines the rose,
And thy bright eye is brighter far
Than any planet, any star.
Thy sordid way of life despise,
Above thy slavery, Silvia, rise;
Display thy beauteous form and mien,
And grow a goddess, or a queen.

II.

CONSTANTIA, see, thy faithful slave,
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave!
Ah! gentle nymph, no longer try
From fond pursuing love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding aching heart,
Regard my sighs and flowing tears,
And with a smile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou would'st be,
By sacred Hymen join'd to me,
Ere yet the western sun decline,
My hand and heart shall both be thine.

III.

THRISE lov'd Constantia, heavenly fair,
 For thee a servant's form I wear;
 Though blest with wealth, and nobly born,
 For thee, both wealth and birth I scorn:
 Trust me, fair maid, my constant flame
 For ever will remain the same;
 My love, that ne'er will cease, my love
 Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

T R A N S L A T E D
 F R O M
 P E R S I A N V E R S E S,
 A L L U D I N G T O
 T H E C U S T O M O F W O M E N B E I N G B U R I E D W I T H
 T H E I R H U S B A N D S,
 A N D M E N W I T H T H E I R W I V E S.

ETERNAL are the chains which here
 The generous souls of lovers bind,
 When Hymen joins our hands, we swear
 To be for ever true and kind:
 And when, by death, the fair are snatch'd away,
 Left we our solemn vows should break,
 In the same grave our living corpse we lay,
 And willing the same fate partake.

A N O T H E R.

MY dearest spouse, that thou and I
May shun the fear which first should die,
Clasp'd in each other's arms we'll live,
Alike consum'd in love's soft fire,
That neither may at last survive,
But gently both at once expire.

O N
A R Q U E Ä N A S S A
O F
C O L O P H O S.

ARQUEÄNASSA's charms inspire
Within my breast a lover's fire;
Age, its feeble spite displaying,
Vainly wrinkles all her face,
Cupids, in each wrinkle playing,
Charm my eyes with lasting grace:
But, before old Time pursued her,
Ere he sunk these little caves,
How I pity those who view'd her,
And in youth were made her slaves!

O N

F U L V I A,
T H E
W I F E O F A N T H O N Y.

FROM THE LATIN OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

W H I L E from his consort false Antonius flies,
And doats on Glaphyra's far brighter eyes,
Fulvia, provok'd, her female arts prepares,
Reprisals seeks, and spreads for me her snares.
"The husband's false"—But why must I endure
This nauseous plague, and her revenge procure?
What though she ask?—How happy were my doom,
Should all the discontented wives of Rome
Repair in crowds to me, when scorn'd at home!
" 'Tis war," she says, "if I refuse her charms."
Let's think—She's ugly—Trumpets, sound to arms!

HUDIBRAS IMITATED.

WRITTEN IN 1710.

O Blessed time of reformation,
That's now beginning through the nation!
The Jacks bawl loud for church triumphant,
And swear all whigs shall kiss the rump on't.

See

See how they draw the beastly rabble
 With zeal and noises formidable,
 And make all cries about the town
 Join notes to roar fanatics down!
 As bigots give the sign about,
 They stretch their throats with hideous shout.
 Black tinkers bawl aloud "to settle
 "Church-privilege"—for "mending kettle."
 Each sow-gelder, that blows his horn,
 Cries out "to have dissenters sworn."
 The oyster-wenchs lock their fish up,
 And cry "no Presbyterian bishop!"
 The mouse-trap men lay save-alls by,
 And 'gainst "low church men" loudly cry,
 A creature of amphibious nature,
 That trims betwixt the land and water,
 And leaves his mother in the lurch,
 To side with rebels 'gainst the church!
 Some cry for "penal laws," instead
 Of "pudding-pies, and ginger-bread:"
 And some, for "brooms, old boots, and shoes,"
 Roar out, "God bless our commons house!"
 Some bawl "the votes" about the town,
 And wish they'd "vote dissenters down."
 Instead of "kitchen-stuff," some cry,
 "Confound the late whig-ministry!"
 And some, for "any chairs to mend,"
 The commons late address commend.
 Some for "old gowns for china ware,"
 Exclaim against "extempore prayer:"

And

And some for "old suits, cloaks, or coats,"
 Cry, "D—n your preachers without notes!"
 He that cries "coney-skins, or onions,"
 Blames "toleration of opinions,"
 Blue-apron whores, that sit with furrnety,
 Rail at "occasional conformity."
 Instead of "cucumbers to pickle,"
 Some cry aloud, "No conventicle!"
 Masons, instead of "building houses,"
 To "build the church," would starve their spouses,
 And gladly leave their trades, for storming
 The meeting-houses, or informing.
 Bawds, strumpets, and religion-haters,
 Pimps, pandars, atheists, fornicators,
 Rogues, that, like Falstaff, scarce know whether
 A church's inside's stone or leather,
 Yet join the parsons and the people,
 To cry "the church,"—but mean "the steeple."

If, holy mother, such you'll own
 For your true sons, and such alone,
 Then Heaven have mercy upon you,
 But the de'il take your beastly crew!

AN

INTRODUCTION

TO THE FOLLOWING

A N

**O D E
TO THE
CREATOR OF THE WORLD:**

**OCCASIONED BY
THE FRAGMENTS OF ORPHEUS.**

“ Quid prius dicam solitis parentis

“ Laudibus ?———

“ Qui mare & terras variisque mundum

“ Temperat horis ?

“ Unde nil majus generatur ipso,

“ Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.”

HORAT.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE FOLLOWING

O D E.

THAT the praises of the Author of Nature, which is the fittest subject for the sublime way of writing, was the most ancient use of Poetry, cannot be learn'd from a more proper instance (next to examples of holy writ) than from the Greek fragments of Orpheus; a relique of great antiquity: they contain several verses concerning God, and his making and governing the universe; which, though imperfect, have many noble hints and lofty expressions. Yet whether these verses were indeed written by that celebrated Father of Poetry and Musick, who preceded Homer, or by Onomacritus who lived about the time of Pisistratus, and only contain some of the doctrines of Orpheus, is a question of little use or importance.

A large paraphrase of these in French verse has been prefixed to the translation of Phocylides, but in a flat stile, much inferior to the design. The following Ode, with many alterations and additions proper to a modern poem, is attempted upon the same model, in a language which, having stronger sinews than the French, is, by the confession of their best critick Rapin, more capable of sustaining great subjects.

O D E
T O T H E
C R E A T O R O F T H E W O R L D .

I.

O MUSE unfeign'd ! O true celestial fire,
Brighter than that which rules the day,
Descend ! a mortal tongue inspire
To sing some great immortal lay !
Begin, and strike aloud the consecrated lyre !
Hence, ye profane ! be far away !
Hence all ye impious slaves that bow
To idol lusts, or altars raise,
And to false heroes give fantastic praise !
And hence ye gods, who to a crime your spurious beings
owe !
But hear, O Heaven, and Earth, and Seas profound !
Hear, ye fathom'd deeps below,
And let your echoing vaults repeat the sound ;
Let nature, trembling all around,
Attend her master's awful name,
From whom heaven, earth, and seas, and all the wide
creation came !

II.

He spoke the great command ; and Light,
 Heaven's eldest-born and fairest child,
 Flash'd in the lowering face of ancient Night,
 And, pleas'd with its own birth, serenely smil'd.
 The Sons of Morning, on the wing,
 Hovering in choirs, his praises sung,
 When from th' unbounded vacuous space
 A beauteous rising world they saw,
 When Nature shew'd her yet unfinish'd face,
 And motion took th' establish'd law
 To roll the various globes on high ;
 When Time was taught his infant wings to try,
 And from the barrier sprung to his appointed race.

III.

Supreme, Almighty, still the same !
 'Tis he, the great inspiring mind,
 That animates and moves this universal frame,
 Present at once in all, and by no place confin'd.
 Not Heaven itself can bound his sway,
 Beyond th' untravel'd limits of the sky,
 Invisible to mortal eye
 He dwells in uncreated day.
 Without beginning, without end ; 'tis he
 That fills th' unmeasur'd growing orb of vast immensity.

IV. What

IV.

What power but his can rule the changeful main,
 And wake the sleeping storm, or its loud rage restrain?
 When winds their gather'd forces try,
 And the chaf'd ocean proudly swells in vain,
 His voice reclaims th' impetuous roar;
 In murmuring tides th' abated billows fly,
 And the spent tempest dies upon the shore.
 The meteor world is his, Heaven's wintry store,
 The moulded hail, the feather'd snow;
 The summer breeze, the soft refreshing shower,
 The loose divided cloud, and many-colour'd bow;
 The crooked lightning darts around,
 His sovereign orders to fulfill;
 The shooting flame obeys th' eternal will,
 Lanch'd from his hand, instructed where to kill,
 Or rive the mountain oak, or blast th' unshelter'd
 ground.

V.

Yet, pleas'd to bless, indulgent to supply,
 He, with a father's tender care,
 Supports the numerous family
 That peoples earth and sea and air.
 From Nature's giant race, th' enormous elephant,
 Down to the insect worm and creeping ant;
 From th' eagle, sovereign of the sky,
 To each inferior feather'd brood;
 From crowns and purple majesty
 To humble shepherds on the plains,
 His hand unseen divides to all their food,
 And the whole world of life sustains.

VI.

At one wide view his eye surveys
 His works, in every distant clime ;
 He shifts the seasons, months, and days,
 The short-liv'd offspring of revolving time ;
 By turns they die, by turns are born ;
 Now chearful Spring the circle leads,
 And strows with flowers the smiling meads ;
 Gay Summer next, whom russet robes adorn,
 And waving fields of yellow corn ;
 Then Autumn, who with lavish stores the lap of
 Nature spreads ;
 Decrepit Winter, laggard in the dance,
 (Like feeble age oppress'd with pain)
 A heavy season does maintain,
 With driving snows and winds and rain ;
 Till spring, recruited to advance,
 The various year rolls round again.

VIII.

But who, thou great Ador'd ! who can withstand
 The terrors of thy lifted hand,
 When, long provok'd, thy wrath awakes,
 And conscious Nature to her center shakes ?
 Rais'd by thy voice, the thunder flies,
 Hurling pale fear and wild confusion round,
 How dreadful is th' inimitable sound,
 The shock of earth and seas, and labour of the skies !

Then

Then where 's Ambition's haughty crest?
 Where the gay head of wanton Pride?
 See! tyrants fall, and with the opening ground
 Would take them quick to shades of rest,
 And in their common parent's breast
 From thee their bury'd forms for ever hide;
 In vain—for all the elements conspire,
 The shatter'd earth, the rushing sea,
 Tempestuous air, and raging fire,
 To punish vile mankind, and fight for thee;
 Nor Death itself can intercept the blow,
 Eternal is the guilt, and without end the woe.

VIII.

O Cyrus! Alexander! Julius! all
 Ye mighty lords that ever rul'd this ball!
 Once gods of earth, the living destinies
 That made a hundred nations bow!
 Where 's your extent of empire now!
 Say where preserv'd your phantom glory lies?
 Can brass the fleeting thing secure?
 Enshrin'd in temples does it stay?
 Or in huge amphitheatres endure
 The rage of rolling Time, and scorn decay?
 Ah no! the mouldering monuments of Fame
 Your vain deluded hopes betray,
 Nor shew th' ambitious founder's name,
 Mix'd with yourselves in the same mass of clay.

O

IX. Pro-

IX.

Proceed, my Muse! Time's wasting thread pursue,
 And see at last th' unravel'd clue,
 When cities sink, and kingdoms are no more,
 And weary nature shall her work give o'er.
 Behold th' Almighty Judge on high!
 See in his hand the book of fate!
 Myriads of spirits fill the sky
 T' attend, with dread solemnity,
 The world's last scene, and time's concluding date.
 The feeble race of short-liv'd Vanity
 And sickly Pomp at once shall die;
 Foul Guilt to midnight caves will shrink away,
 Look back, and tremble in her flight,
 And curse at Heaven's pursuing light,
 Surrounded with the vengeance of that day.
 How will you then, ye impious, 'scape your doom,
 Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
 Your clouds of painted bliss shall melt before your
 fight.
 Yet shall you not the giddy chace refrain,
 Nor hope more solid bliss t' obtain,
 Nor once repeat the joys you knew before;
 But sigh, a long eternity of pain,
 Tost in an ocean of desire, yet never find a shore.

X.

But see where the mild Sovereign sits prepar'd
 His better subjects to reward!
 Where am I now! what power divine
 Transports me! what immortal splendors shine!

Torrents

Torrents of glory that oppress the sight!
 What joys, cœlestial king! thy throne surround!
 The sun, who, with thy borrow'd beams so bright,
 Sees not his peer in all the starry round,
 Would here diminish'd fade away,
 Like his pale sister of the night,
 When she resigns her delegated light,
 Lost in the blaze of day.

Here wonder only can take place;—
 Then, Muse, th' adventurous flight forbear!
 These mystic scenes thou canst no farther trace;
 Hope may some boundless future bliss embrace,
 But what, or when, or how, or where,
 Are mazes all, which Fancy runs in vain;
 Nor can the narrow cells of human brain
 The vast immeasurable thought contain.

T O
 M R. A D D I S O N,
 O N H I S
 T R A G E D Y O F C A T O.

THOUGH Cato shines in Virgil's epic song,
 Prescribing laws among th' Elyfian throng;
 Though Lucan's verse, exalted by his name,
 O'er gods themselves has rais'd the hero's fame;

The Roman stage did ne'er his image see,
 Drawn at full length ; a task reserv'd for thee.
 By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
 And awful march before our ravish'd eyes ;
 We hear his voice, asserting virtue's cause ;
 His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
 Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
 And all the patriot in thy scene appears.

On Tyber's bank thy thought was first inspir'd ;
 'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
 Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
 Thy happy Muse this manly work design'd :
 Or in a dream thou saw'st Rome's genius stand,
 And, leading Cato in his sacred hand,
 Point out th' immortal subject of thy lays,
 And ask this labour to record his praise.

'Tis done—the hero lives, and charms our age !
 While nobler morals grace the British stage.
 Great Shakespeare's ghost, the solemn strain to hear,
 (Methinks I see the laurel'd shade appear !)
 Will hover o'er the scene, and wondering view
 His favourite Brutus rival'd thus by you.
 Such Roman greatness in each action shines,
 Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
 That sure the Sibyls books this year foretold ;
 And in some mystic leaf was found inroll'd,
 ' Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Africk's shore,
 ' Nor in her sands thy Cato's tomb explore !
 ' When

- ‘ When thrice six hundred times the circling sun
- ‘ His annual race shall through the zodiack run,
- ‘ An isle remote his monument shall rear,
- ‘ And every generous Briton pay a tear.

ADVICE TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS INTENDED TRANSLATION OF

HOMER'S I L I A D, 1714.

O THOU, who, with a happy genius born,
 Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
 Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
 Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise.
 Blind was the bard that sung Achilles' rage,
 He sung, and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age;
 If Britain his translated song would hear,
 First take the gold—then charm the listening ear,
 So shall thy father Homer smile to see
 His pension paid—though late, and paid to thee.

T O T H E
M E M O R Y O F M R. M I L T O N.

Homer's Description of Himself, under the Character
of Demodochus the Musician, at the Feast
of King Alcinous.

FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSES.

THE Muse with transport lov'd him; yet, to fill
His various lot, she blended good with ill;
Depriv'd him of his eyes, but did impart
The heavenly gift of song, and all the tuneful art.

T O
A L A D Y,
WITH THE
T R A G E D Y O F C A T O.

TWO shining maids this happy work displays;
Each moves our rapture, both divide our praise:
In Marcia, we her godlike father trace;
While Lucia triumphs with each softer grace.
One strikes with awe, and one gives chaste delight;
That bright as lightning, this serene as light.

Yet by the Muse the shadow'd forms were wrought,
And both are creatures of the Poet's thought.

In her that animates these lines, we view
The wonder greater, the description true;
Each living virtue, every grace combin'd,
And Marcia's worth with Lucia's sweetness join'd.

Had she been born ally'd to Cato's name;
Numidia's prince had felt a real flame;
And, pouring his resistless troops from far,
With bolder deeds had turn'd the doubtful war;
Cæsar had fled before his conquering arms,
And Roman Muses sung her beauty's charms.

FRAGMENT.

PPROMISCUOUS crouds to worthless riches born,
Thy pencil paints, 'tis true, yet paints with scorn.
Sometimes the fool, by nature left half-made,
Mov'd by some happy instinct asks thy aid,
To give his face to reason some pretence,
And raise his looks with supplemental sense,

S E R E N A T A,

FOR TWO VOICES.

ON THE

M A R R I A G E

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

LORD COBHAM TO MRS. ANNE HALSEY.

D U E T T O.

WAKE th' harmonious voice and string,
 Love and Hymen's triumph sing.
 Sounds with secret charms combining,
 In melodious union joining,
 Best the wondrous joys can tell,
 That in hearts united dwell.

RECITATIVE.

FIRST VOICE.

To young Victoria's happy fame,
 Well may the Arts a trophy raise,
 Musick grows sweeter in her praise,
 And, own'd by her, with rapture speaks her name,

To

To touch the brave Cleander's heart,
 The Graces all in her conspire ;
 Love arms her with his surest dart,
 Apollo with his lyre.

A I R.

The listening Muses, all around her,
 Think 'tis Phoebus' strains they hear :
 And Cupid, drawing near to wound her,
 Drops his bow, and stands to hear.

R E C I T A T I V E.

SECOND VOICE.

While crowds of rivals, with despair,
 Silent admire, or vainly court the fair,
 Behold the happy conquest of her eyes,
 A hero is the glorious prize !
 In courts, in camps, through distant realms re-
 nown'd,
 Cleander comes—Victoria, see,
 He comes, with British honour crown'd ;
 Love leads his eager steps to thee.

A I R.

In tender sighs he silence breaks,
 The fair his flame approves.
 Consenting blushes warm her cheeks,
 She smiles,—she yields,—she loves.

RECITATIVE.

FIRST VOICE.

Now Hymen at the altar stands,
 And while he joins their faithful hands,
 Behold! by ardent vows drawn down,
 Immortal Concord, heavenly bright,
 Array'd in robes of purest light,
 Descends, th' auspicious rites to crown.
 Her golden harp the goddess brings;
 Its magic sound

Commands a sudden silence all around,
 And strains prophetic thus attune the strings.

DUETTO.

1 VOICE. The swain his nymph possessing,

2 VOICE. The nymph her swain caressing,

1 and 2. { Shall still improve the blessing.
 For ever kind and true.

BOTH. { While rolling years are flying,
 Love, Hymen's lamp supplying,
 With fuel never dying,
 Shall still the flame renew.

H O R A T I U S,

IN LIBRO PRIMO EPISTOLARUM.

Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet. Sapere aude;
Incipe. Vivendi qui rectè prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

TRANSLATED.

TO-MORROW cheats us all. Why dost thou
stay,

And leave undone what should be done to-day?

Begin—the present minute 's in thy power;

But still t' adjourn, and wait a fitter hour,

Is like the clown, who at some river's side

Expecting stands, in hopes the running tide

Will all ere long be past—Fool I not to know,

It still has flow'd the same, and will for ever flow.

ON A
COLLALORH
PRESENTED FOR
HAPPY GILL. 1712.

THOU little favourite of the fair!
When thou these golden bands shall wear,
The hand that binds them softly kifs,
With conscious joy, and own thy blifs.
Proud of his chain, who would not be
A slave, to gain her smiles, like thee?

THE
CHARACTER
OF THE
LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH
HOLLES*. 1712-13.

SUCH early wisdom, such a lovely face,
Such modest greatness, such attractive grace;
Wit, beauty, goodness, charity, and truth,
The riper sense of age, the bloom of youth!

* This Lady, also celebrated by Mr. Prior in a beautiful ode, called "Colin's Mistake," was afterwards married to Edward Earl of Oxford, and was mother of the present Dutchess Dowager of Portland.

Whence

Whence is it, that in one fair piece we find
These various beauties of the female kind?
Sure but in one such different charms agree,
And Henrietta is that phoenix-she.

TRUTH, HONOUR, HONESTY,

T H E

MOTTO CHOSEN BY THE RIGHT HON.

T H E

LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES.

I N thee, bright maid, though all the virtues shine,
With rival beams, and every grace is thine,
Yet three, distinguish'd by thy early voice,
Excite our praise, and well deserve thy choice.

Immortal Truth in Heaven itself displays
Her charms celestial born, and purest rays,
Which thence in streams, like golden sunshine, flow,
And shed their light on minds like yours below.

Fair Honour, next in beauty and in grace,
Shines in her turn, and claims the second place:
She fills the well-born soul with noble fires,
And generous thoughts and godlike acts inspires.

Then

206 HUGHES'S POEMS.

Then Honesty, with native air, succeeds;
Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds;
And, just alike to friends and foes, she draws
The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from equal
laws.

From Heaven this scale of virtues thus descends
By just degrees, and thy full choice defends.
So when, in visionary trains, by night
Attending angels bless'd good Jacob's sight,
The mystic ladder thus appear'd to rise,
Its foot on earth, its summit in the skies.

H Y M N.
SUNG BY THE
CHILDREN OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL,
AT THE ENTRY OF
KING GEORGE
INTO LONDON, 1714.

I.

HEAR us, O God, this joyful day!
Whole nations join their voice,
To Thee united thanks to pay,
And in thy strength rejoice.

II. For

II.

For led by thee, O King of Kings!

Our Sovereign George we see;

Thy hand the Royal blessing brings,

He comes, he reigns, by thee!

III.

Plenteous of grace, pour from above

Thy favours on his head;

Truth, Mercy, Righteousness, and Love,

As guards around him spread.

VI.

With length of days, and glory crown'd,

With wealth and fair increase,

Let him abroad be far renown'd,

Still blest at home with peace.

A MONUMENTAL

O D E.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ELIZABETH HUGHES,

L A T E

WIFE OF EDWARD HUGHES, ESQ.

O F

HERTINGFORDBURY IN THE COUNTY OF
HERTFORD,AND DAUGHTER OF RICHARD HARRISON, ESQ.
OF BALLS IN THE SAME COUNTY.

OBIT 15 NOV. MDCCXIV.

I.

SEE! how those dropping monuments decay!
 Frail mansions of the silent dead,
 Whose souls to uncorrupting regions fled,
 With a wise scorn their mouldering dust survey.
 Their tombs are rais'd from dust as well as they;
 For see! to dust they both return,
 And Time consumes alike the ashes and the urn.

II.

We ask the sculptor's art in vain
 To make us for a space ourselves survive;
 In Parian stone we proudly breathe again,
 Or seem in figur'd brass to live.

Yet stone and brass our hopes betray,
 Age steals the mimic forms and characters away.
 In vain, O Egypt, to the wondering skies
 With giant pride thy pyramids arise;
 Whate'er their vast and gloomy vaults contain,
 No names distinct of their great dread remain,
 Beneath the mass confus'd, in heaps thy monarchs lie,
 Unknown, and blended in mortality.

III.

To death our selves and all our works we owe.
 But is there nought, O Muse, can save
 Our memories from darkness and the grave,
 And some short after-life bestow?
 That task is mine, the Muse replies,
 And hark! she tunes the sacred lyre!
 Verse is the last of human works that dies,
 When virtue does the song inspire.

IV.

Then look, Eliza, happy saint, look down!
 Pause from immortal joys awhile
 To hear, and gracious with a smile
 The dedicated numbers own;
 Say how in thy life's scanty space,
 So short a space, so wondrous bright,
 Bright as a summer's day, short as a summer's night,
 Could'st thou find room for every crowded grace?
 As if thy thrifty soul foreknew,
 Like a wise envoy, Heaven's intent
 Soon to recall whom it had sent,
 And all its task resolv'd at once to do.

Or wert thou but a traveller below,
 That hither didst awhile repair,
 Curious our customs and our laws to know?
 And, sickening in our grosser air,
 And tir'd of vain repeated sights,
 Our foolish cares, our false delights,
 Back to thy native seats would'st go?
 Oh! since to us thou wilt no more return,
 Permit thy friends, the faithful few
 Who best thy numerous virtues knew,
 Themselves, not thee to mourn.

V.

Now, pensive Muse, enlarge thy flight!
 (By turns the pensive Muses love
 The hilly heights and shady grove)
 Behold where, swelling to the sight,
 Balls, a fair structure, graceful stands!
 And from yon verdant rising brow
 Sees Hertford's ancient town, and lands
 Where Nature's hand in slow meanders leads
 The Lee's clear stream its course to flow
 Through flowery vales, and moisten'd meads,
 And far around in beauteous prospects spreads
 Her map of plenty all below.
 'Twas here—and sacred be the spot of earth!
 Eliza's soul, born first above,
 Descended to an humbler birth,
 And with a mortal's frailties strove.

So,

So, on some towering peak that meets the sky,
 When missive seraphs downward fly,
 They stop, and for awhile alight.
 Put off their rays cœlestial-bright,
 Then take some milder form familiar to our eye.

VI.

Swiftly her infant virtues grew :
 Water'd by Heaven's peculiar care
 Her morning bloom was doubly fair,
 Like summer's day-break, when we see
 The fresh-drop'd stores of rosy dew,
 (Transparent beauties of the dawn)
 Spread o'er the grass their cobweb-lawn,
 Or hang moist pearls on every tree.
 Pleas'd with the lovely sight awhile
 Her friends behold, and joyful smile,
 Nor think the sun's exhaling ray
 Will change the scene ere noon of day,
 Dry up the glittering drops, and draw those dews away.

VII.

Yet first, to fill her orb of life,
 Behold, in each relation dear,
 The pious saint, the duteous child appear,
 The tender sister, and the faithful wife.
 Alas ! but must one circlet of the year
 Unite in bliss, in grief divide
 The destin'd bridegroom and the bride ?
 Stop, generous youth, the gathering tear,
 That as you read these lines or hear

212 HUGHES'S POEMS.

Perhaps may start, and seem to say,
That short-liv'd year was but a day!
Forbear—nor fruitless borrowings now employ,
Think she was lent awhile, not given,
(Such was th' appointed will of Heaven)
Then grateful call that year an age of virtuous joy.

A N

ALLUSION TO HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

PRINTED AT THE BREAKING OUT OF THE
REBELLION IN THE YEAR 1715.

THE man that loves his king and nation,
And shuns each vile association,
That trusts his honest deeds i' th' light,
Nor meets in dark cabals, by night,
With fools, who, after much debate,
Get themselves hang'd, and save the state,
Needs not his hall with weapons store;
Nor dreads each rapping at his door;
Nor sculks, in fear of being known,
Or hides his guilt in parson's gown;
Nor wants, to guard his generous heart,
The poniard or the poison'd dart;
And,

And, but for ornament and pride,
A sword of lath might cross his side.

If o'er St. James's park he stray,
He stops not, pausing in his way;
Nor pulls his hat down o'er his face,
Nor starts, looks back, and mends his pace:
Or if he ramble to the Tower,
He knows no crime, and dreads no power,
But thence returning, free as wind,
Smiles at the bars he left behind.
Thus, as I loiter'd t' other day,
Humming—O every month was May—
And, thoughtless how my time I squander'd,
From Whitehall, through the Cockpit wander'd,
A messenger with surly eye,
View'd me quite round, and yet pass'd by.
No sharper look or rougher mien
In Scottish highlands e'er were seen;
Nor ale and brandy ever bred
More pimpled cheeks, or nose more red;
And yet, with both hands in my breast,
Careless I walk'd, nor shunn'd the beast.

Place me among a hundred spies,
Let all the room be ears and eyes;
Or search my pocket-books and papers,
No word or line shall give me vapours.
Send me to Whigs as true and hearty,
As ever pity'd poor Maccarty;

Let Townsend, Sunderland, be there,
 Or Robin Walpole in the chair.
 Or send me to a club of Tories,
 That damn and curse at Marlborough's glories,
 And drink—but sure none such there are!—
 The Devil, the Pope, and rebel Mar;
 Yet still my loyalty I'll boast,
 King George shall ever be my toast;
 Unbrib'd his glorious cause I'll own,
 And fearless scorn each traitor's frown.

4 AP, 54

APOLLO

A P O L L O A N D D A P H N E .

A

M A S Q U E .

SET TO MUSICK BY DR. PEPUSCH:

AND PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

"Protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis."

OVID.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

APOLLO,

Mrs. MARGARITA.

DAPHNE,

Mrs. BARBIER.

PENEUS,

Mr. TURNER.

DORIS,

Mrs. WILLIS.

**SCENE, THE VALLEY OF TEMPE,
IN THESSALY.**



ACT I. SCENE I.
A P O L L O AND D A P H N E.

THE FIRST SCENE IS A RIVER.

PENEUS, a River-God, appears on a bed of rushes, leaning on his urn. He rises and comes forward, his head crowned with rushes and flowers, a reed in his hand.

PENEUS.

HOW long must Peneus chide in vain,
His daughter's coyness and disdain?
Through Tempe's pleasant vales and bowers
As my full urn its current pours,
In every plain, from every grove,
I hear the sighs of slighted love?
And on my rushy banks the Sylvens cry
Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?
But see she comes, the beauteous cause;
Daphne, my just commands attend,
Hear me, thy father and thy friend,
And yield at last to Love and Hymen's laws.

DAPHNE.

O Peneus, urge this cruel suit no more.
Have I not to Diana sworn?

Behold

218 HUGHES'S POEMS.

Behold again to her I bow,
 Devoted ever to remain
 A virgin of her spotless train,
 Hear, Cynthia, and confirm my vow.

How happy are we,
 How airy, how free,
 That rove through the woods and the plains!
 In vain the blind boy
 Our hearts would decoy,
 We scorn all his joys and his pains.
 [Exit Daphne.]

PENEUS.

Rash maid, return——
 What hast thou sworn?
 With thee shall Peneus' race expire?
 Then hear once more thy slighted fire,
 And know, thy fatal vow draws down
 The curse of Heaven, a father's frown,
 And sure destruction waits thy scorn.

Feeble Cupid! vain deceiver!
 What avails thy boasted quiver?
 Where are all thy conquering arts?
 They that fly thee
 May defy thee;
 They who fear thee
 And revere thee
 Ever meet thy keenest darts. [Exit Peneus.]

SCENE

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

219

SCENE changes to a Forest.

APOLLO enters with his bow and arrows, as having newly slain the PYTHON.

APOLLO.

'Tis done—the monster Python, slain
By Phœbus' shafts, lies breathless on the plain.
Yet why with conquest am I thus adorn'd?

Alas! I feel a mortal's pain,
Conquer'd by Love, whom once I scorn'd.
O Daphne! till thy smiles I can obtain,
No more these marks of triumph let me bear;
But thus a shepherd's semblance wear,
Till blest by thee I grow a god again.

[Throws away his bow and arrows, and takes
up a sheep-hook.

See—She appears; how wondrous fair!
Hail, goddess of these verdant groves!

DAPHNE.

What art thou, or from whence?

APOLLO.

A swain that loves,

DAPHNE.

Thy unavailing courtship spare.
Dost thou not daily hear the shepherds cry
Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?—
Go—with the rest despair.

APOL-

APOLLO.

No, let the rest despair, while I
Distinguish'd, triumph in the joy.

Fair blooming creature!

Each tender feature

Speaks thee by nature

For love design'd.

Then smile consenting,

Lost time repenting,

Let soft relenting

Now shew thee kind.

DAPHNE.

Canst thou the mountain tiger bind,

Or stop the floods, or fix the wind?

Do this—then Daphne will perhaps be kind.

APOLLO.

Ev'n tigers Love's soft laws obey;

Art thou more savage far than they?

Look all around thee, and above!

Love lights the skies, and paints the meads;

Its genial flame

Through Heav'n and Earth and Ocean spreads;

Thou art thyself the happiest child of Love,

Do not thy birth disclaim.

DAPH.

DAPHNE.

Though fair as Phœbus thou should'st seem,
And were thy words soft as his lyre,
They could not move me to desire;
Wake, shepherd, from thy dream.

Cease to sooth thy fruitless pain;
Why for frowns wilt thou be suing?
Cease to languish and complain.
'Tis to seek thy own undoing,
Still to love, and love in vain.

APOLLO.

In her soft cheeks and beauteous eyes,
What new enchanting graces rise! [Aside.

D U E T T O for APOLLO and DAPHNE.

APOL. No more deny me,
O cease to fly me
Your faithful swain.

DAPH. No longer try me,
For ever fly me,
Despairing swain.

APOL. Yet hear me.

DAPH. Forbear me.

APOL. Let sighs imploring,
And looks adoring,
Still speak my pain.

DAPH. Your sighs imploring,
And looks adoring,
But move disdain.

[Exit Daphne.

APOL.

APOLLO.

She's gone—nor knows from whom she flies.
 Mistaken coyness! false disdain!
 Phoebus she prais'd, but scorns the swain—
 Then, breaking from this dark disguise,
 When Phoebus what he is shall seem,
 My glittering rays and melting lyre,
 At last shall warm thee to desire,
 And wake thee, Daphne, from thy dream.

Where Cupid's bow is failing,

Ambition's charms prevailing,

Shall triumph o'er the fair.

The nymph that Love despises,

Some secret passion prizes,

That still forbids despair. [Exit Apollo.

Enter DAPHNE and DORIS.

DAPHNE.

Doris, why this trifling tale?

DORIS.

That good advice may once prevail;

Save one—nor all your lovers lose

Alas! that I, poor I might gain

What you each day refuse!

DAPHNE.

Take all, and ease me of the pain.

DORIS.

I would—but ah! 'twere now in vain.

When

A

When I was a maiden of twenty,
And my charms and my lovers were plenty,
Ah! why did I ever say no?
Now the swains, though I court them, all fly me,
I sigh, but no lover comes nigh me;
Ye virgins, be warn'd by my woe!
Ah! why did I ever say no?

DAPHNE.

Poor Doris! dry thy weeping eyes;
Dost thou repent thou once wert wise?

Tender hearts to every passion
Still their freedom would betray,
But how calm is inclination,
When our reason bears the sway;

Swains themselves, while they pursue us,
Often teach us to deny.

While we fly, they fondly wooe us;
If we grow too fond, they fly.

DORIS.

Yet might I see one courting swain,
Though but to slight him once again!—
But come—I'll amorous thoughts give o'er.

DAPHNE.

'Tis well! to leave them at threescore.
Haste then, and at th' appointed place,
See if the nymphs expect me for the chase.

[Exit Doris.

[A sym-

[A symphony of instruments is heard, whilst
 Apollo descends in the chariot of the sun; a
 crown of rays about his head, and his lyre
 in his hand.

DAPHNE.

What sounds celestial strike my ear!
 Why does the golden source of light
 Pour out new day?—how wondrous bright!
 Some god descends to human sight;
 I'm charm'd, yet aw'd with fear.

APOLLO.

Daphne on Phœbus fix thy eye,
 With meaner shapes deceiv'd no more!
 Know, I thy beauteous form adore:
 Wilt thou a god, a god that loves thee, fly?

[Apollo strikes his lyre, and Daphne turns back
 as surprized at the sound.

Fairest mortal! stay and hear,
 Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear!
 Cannot Love with Musick join'd
 Touch thy unrelenting mind?
 Fairest mortal! stay and hear,
 Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear.

Hark how the river shores prolong
 My soft complaints, and murmur to my song!

Thy

Thy father Peneus feels my pain ;
See ! how his osiers gently bow,
And seem my secret soul to know—

DAPH. aside.] Alas ! my rash, my fatal vow !

APOL. Wilt thou alone unmov'd remain ?

[As Daphne is going out, she stops, and sings
the following air.

DAPHNE.

Shall I return ?—or no ?—

Charms yet unknown surround me ;

Yet, Love, thou ne'er shalt wound me,

No more alarm my breast.

Then let me haste to go—

Ah no, my heart replies

In tender heaving sighs.—

Ye powers restore my rest.

APOL. O do not go—

DAPH. Dost thou not know,

I'm of Diana's train ?

Thy love forbear—

APOL. Thy scorn forbear—

DAPH. I must not hear ;

APOL. O stay and hear ;

DAPH. Thy love } is vain.

APOL. Thy flight }

[Exit Daphne pursued by Apollo.

Q

SCENE

SCENE changes to the river.

Re-enter DAPHNE looking back as affrighted.

DAPHNE.

He comes—the swift pursuer comes—O where
 Shall I escape his piercing sight,
 Where hide me from the God of Light?
 Ah! 'tis in vain—he's here.

[DAPHNE runs to the side of the river, and, as
 she sings the following air, is transformed into
 a laurel-tree.

Father Peneus! hear me, aid me!
 Let some sudden change invade me,
 Fix me rooted on thy shore.
 Cease, Apollo, to persuade me,
 I am Daphne now no more—

[APOLLO enters at the latter end of the air,
 and is met by Peneus.

APOLLO.

O fatal flight!—O curst disdain!
 O Peneus, how shall we our loss deplore?
 But see!
 The trembling branches yet her shape retain!
 Though Daphne lives a nymph no more,
 She lives, fair verdant plant, in thee:
 Henceforth be thou Apollo's tree,
 And hear what honours to thy leaves remain.

No

No thunder e'er shall blast thy boughs,
 Preserv'd to grace Apollo's brows,
 Kings, victors, poets, to adorn;
 Oft in Britannia's isle thy prosperous green
 Shall on the heads of her great chiefs be seen,
 And by a Nassau, and a George, be worn.

PENEUS.

Still Peneus, with a father's care,
 Shall feed thee from his flowing urn
 With verdure ever fresh and fair,
 Nor this thy destin'd change shall mourn.

CHORUS, or Duetto of Apollo and Peneus.

Nature alone can love inspire,
 Art is vain to move desire.
 If nature once the fair incline,
 To their own passion they resign.
 Nature alone can love inspire,
 Art is vain to move desire.

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AN
O D E
FOR THE
BIRTH DAY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCESS OF WALES,
ST. DAVID'S DAY, THE FIRST OF MARCH, 1715-16.
SET TO MUSICK BY DR. PEPUSCH.

And performed at the Anniversary Meeting of the
Society of ANCIENT BRITONS, established in
Honour of Her Royal Highness's Birth-Day, and
of the Principality of Wales.

"Salve læta dies! meliorque revertere semper,

"A populo rerum digna potente coli!" OVID.

100

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BRITISH

SET TO BE USED BY 12/1/2017

of the following:

100

O D E F O R T W O V O I C E S.

First Voice, F A M E.

Second Voice, C A M B R I A, or the Principality
of W A L E S.

Both voices, with a trumpet.

T O joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day!
C A M B R I A.

Rise, goddess of immortal fame,
And, with thy trumpet's swelling sound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double festival proclaim.

F A M E.

The goddess of immortal fame
Shall, with her trumpet's swelling sound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double festival proclaim.

B O T H V O I C E S.

O'er Cambria's distant hills let the loud notes rebound!
Each British soul be rais'd, and every eye be gay!
To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

FAME.

Hail, Cambria! long to Fame well known!
 Thy patron-saint looks smiling down,
 Well pleas'd to see,
 This day, prolific of renown,
 Increas'd in honours to himself, and thee;
 See Carolina's natal star arise,
 And with new beams adorn thy azure skies!
 Though on her virtues I should ever dwell,
 Fame cannot all her numerous virtues tell.
 Bright in herself, and in her offspring bright,
 On Britain's throne she casts diffusive light;
 Detraction from her presence flies;
 And, while promiscuous crouds in rapture gaze,
 Ev'n tongues disloyal learn her praise,
 And murmuring Envy sees her smile, and dies.

Happy morn! such gifts bestowing!
 Britain's joy from thee are flowing;
 Ever thus auspicious shine!
 Happy isle! such gifts possessing!
 Britain, ever own the blessing!
 Carolina's charms are thine.

CAMBRIA.

Nor yet, O Fame, dost thou display
 All the triumphs of this day;
 More wonders yet arise to fight;
 See! o'er these rites what mighty power presides;
 Behold, to thee his early steps he guides;
 What noble ardour does his soul excite!

Hence-

Henceforth, when to the listening universe
Thou number'st o'er my princes of renown,
The second hope of Britain's crown,
When my great Edward's deeds thou shalt rehearse,
And tell of Cressy's well-fought plain,
Thy golden trumpet sound again!
The brave Augustus shall renew thy strain,
And Oudenarda's fight immortalize the verse.

A I R with a harp.

Heavenly Muses! tune your lyres,
Far resounding;
Grace the hero's glorious name.
See! the song new life inspires!
Every breast, with joy abounding,
Seems to share the Hero's flame.

F A M E.

O thou, with every virtue crown'd,
Britannia's father, and her king renown'd!
Thus in thy offspring greatly blest,
While through th' extended royal line
Thou seest thy propagated lustre shine,
What secret raptures fill thy breast!
So smiles Apollo, doubly gay,
When in the diamond, with full blaze,
He views his own paternal rays,
And all his bright reflected day.

C A M.

CAMBRIA.

Hail source of blessings to our isle !
While gloomy clouds shall take their flight,
Shot through by thy victorious light,
Propitious ever on thy Britons smile !

BOTH VOICES.

To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

CAMBRIA.

Rise, goddess of immortal fame,
And, with thy trumpet's swelling sound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double festival proclaim.

FAME.

The goddess of immortal fame
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The double festival proclaim.

BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's distant hills let the loud notes rebound !
Each British soul be rais'd, and every eye be gay !
To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER
 FROM
 M R. H U G H E S
 TO THE
 LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER.

— “ THIS little Poem was writ by the accident of having Horace for my companion in a confinement by sickness, and fancying I had discovered a new sense of one of his odes, for which I have found your lordship’s great indulgence and partiality to me, the best exposition.

“ Perhaps we never read with that attention, as when we think we have found something applicable to ourselves. I am now grown fond enough of this sense to believe it the true one, and have drawn two or three learned friends (to whom I have mentioned it) into my opinion.

“ The Ode, your lordship will see, is that in which Horace feigns himself turned into a swan. It passes (for aught I know universally) for a compliment on himself, and a mere enthusiastick rant of the poet in his own praise, like his EXEGI MONUMENTUM, &c. I confess I had often slightly read it in that
 “ view,

“ view, and have found every one I have lately asked,
 “ deceived by the same opinion, which I cannot but
 “ think spoils the ode, and sinks it to nothing; I had
 “ almost said, turns the swan into a goose.

“ The Grammarians seem to have fallen into this
 “ mistake, by wholly overlooking the reason of his
 “ rapture, viz. its being addressed to Mæcenæ; and
 “ have prefaced it with this, and the like general in-
 “ scriptions—VATICINATUR CARMINUM SUORUM
 “ IMMORTALITATEM, &c. which I think is not the
 “ subject.

“ I am very happy in the occasion which shewed it
 “ me in a quite different sense from what I had ever
 “ apprehended, till I had the honour to be known to
 “ your lordship; I am sure a much more advantage-
 “ ous one to the Poet, as well as more just to his great
 “ patron. If I have exceeded the liberty of an imi-
 “ tator, in pursuing the same hint further, to make
 “ it less doubtful, yet his favourers will forgive me,
 “ when I own I have not on this occasion so much
 “ thought of emulating his poetry, as of rivaling his
 “ pride, by the ambition of being known as,

MY LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S MOST OBLIGED,

AND DEVOTED HUMBLE SERVANT,

J. HUGHES.

ODE

O D E

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER.

ANNO MDCCXVII.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, LIB. II. ODE XX.

I.

I 'M rais'd, transported, chang'd all o'er !
 Prepar'd, a towering swan, to soar
 Aloft ; see, see the down arise,
 And clothe my back, and plume my thighs !
 My wings shoot forth ; now will I try
 New tracks, and boldly mount the sky ;
 Nor Envy, nor Ill-fortune's spite,
 Shall stop my course, or damp my flight.

II.

Shall I, obscure or disesteem'd,
 Of vulgar rank henceforth be deem'd ?
 Or vainly toil my name to save
 From dark oblivion and the grave ?
 No—He can never wholly die,
 Secure of immortality,
 Whom Britain's Cowper condescends
 To own, and numbers with his friends.

III. 'Tis

III.

'Tis done—I scorn mean honours now;
No common wreaths shall bind my brow.
Whether the Muse vouchsafe to inspire
My breast with the celestial fire;
Whether my verse be fill'd with flame,
Or I deserve a Poet's name,
Let Fame be silent; only tell
That generous Cowper loves me well.

IV.

Through Britain's realms I shall be known
By Cowper's merit, not my own.
And when the tomb my dust shall hide,
Stripp'd of a mortal's little pride,
Vain pomp be spar'd, and every tear;
Let but some stone this sculpture bear:
"Here lies his clay, to earth consign'd,
"To whom great Cowper once was kind."

WHAT

WHAT IS MAN.

O SON of man! O creature of a day!
 Proud of vain wisdom, with false greatness gay!
 Heir of thy father's vice, to whose bad store
 Thy guilty days are spent in adding more;
 Thou propagated folly!—What in thee
 Could Heaven's Supreme, could perfect Wisdom see,
 To fix one glance of his regarding eye?
 Why art thou chose the favourite of the sky?
 While angels wonder at the mercy known,
 And scarce the wretch himself, the debt immense will
 own!

B O I L E A U,

DANS SA I. EPISTRE AU ROY.

POURQUOI ces elephans, ces armes, ce bagage,
Et ces vaisseaux tout prests à quitter le rivage ?
Disoit au roi Pyrrhus, un sage confident,
Conseiller tres-sensé d'un roi tres-imprudent.
Je vais, lui dit ce prince, à Rome où l'on m'appelle.
Quoi faire ? l'assiéger. L'entreprise est fort belle,
Et digne seulement d'Alexandre ou de vous,
Mais quand nous l'aurons prise, & bien que ferons-nous ?

Du reste des Latins la conquête est facile.
Sans doute, ils sont à nous : est-ce tout ? La Sicile
Delà nous tend les bras, & bien-tost sans effort
Syracuse recoit nos vaisseaux dans son port.
En demeurés-vous là ? Dés que nous l'aurons prise,
Il ne faut qu'un bon vent & Carthage est conquise :
Les chemins sont ouverts : qui peut nous arrester ?
Je vous entens, seigneur, nous allons tout dompter :
Nous allons traverser les sables de Lybie ;
Asservir en passant l'Egypte, l'Arabie ;

Courir

H U G H E S 242
FROM BOILEAU,

IN HIS FIRST EPISTLE TO LEWIS XIV.

WHAT mean these elephants, arms, warlike
store,

And all these ships, prepar'd to leave the shore?

Thus Cyneas, faithful, old, experienc'd, wise,
Address'd king Pyrrhus;—thus the king replies;
'Tis glory calls us hence; to Rome we go.

For what?—To conquer.—Rome's a noble foe,

A prize for Alexander fit, or you;

But Rome reduc'd, what next, Sir, will you do?

The rest of Italy my chains shall wear.

And is that all?—No, Sicily lies near;

See how she stretches out her beauteous arms,
And tempts the victor with unguarded charms!

In Syracusa's port this fleet shall ride.

'Tis well—and there you will at last abide?—

No; that subdued, again we'll hoist our sails

And put to sea; and, blow but prosperous gales,

Carthage must soon be ours, an easy prey,

The passage open: what obstructs our way?—

Then, Sir, your vast design I understand,

To conquer all the earth, cross seas and land,

O'er Africk's spacious wilds your reign extend,

Beneath your sword make proud Arabia bend;

R

Then

Courir delà le Gange en de nouveaux païs ;
 Faire trembler le Scythe aux bords du Tanaïs ;
 Et ranger sous nos loix tout ce vaste Hemisphere ;
 Mais de retour enfin, que pretendez-vous faire ?
 Alors, cher Cineas, victorieux, contens,
 Nous pourrons rire à l'aise, & prendre du bon temps.
 Hé, seigneur, dès ce jour, sans sortir de l'Epire,
 Du matin jusqu'au soir qui vous défend de rire ?

Then seek remoter worlds, where Ganges pours
His swelling stream ; beyond Hydaspes' shores,
Through Indian realms to carry dire alarms,
And make the hardy Scythian dread your arms.
But say—this wondrous race of glory run,
When we return, say what shall then be done ?
Then pleas'd, my friend, we'll spend the joyful day
In full delight, and laugh our cares away.
And why not now ? Alas ! Sir, need we roam
For this so far, or quit our native home ?
No—let us now each valued hour employ,
Nor for the future lose the present joy.

A N

IMAGE OF PLEASURE.

IN IMITATION OF

AN ODE IN CASIMIRE.

I.

SOLACE of life, my sweet companion lyre!
 On this fair poplar bough I'll hang thee high,
 While the gay fields all soft delights inspire,
 And not one cloud deforms the smiling sky.

II.

While whispering gales, that court the leaves and
 flowers,
 Play through thy strings, and gently make them sound,
 Luxurious I'll dissolve the flowing hours
 In balmy slumbers on the carpet ground.

III.

But see—what sudden gloom obscures the air!
 What falling showers impetuous change the day!
 Let's rise, my lyre—Ah Pleasure false as fair!
 How faithless are thy charms, how short thy stay!

A N

A N
O D E
I N T H E
P A R K A T A S T E D.

I.

YE Muses, that frequent these walks and shades,
 The seat of calm repose,
 Which Howard's happy genius chose;
 Where, taught by you, his Lyre he strung,
 And oft, like Philomel, in dusky glades,
 Sweet amorous Voluntaries sung!
 O say, ye kind inspiring powers!
 With what melodious strain
 Will you indulge my pensive vein,
 And charm my solitary hours:

II.

Begin, and Echo shall the song repeat;
 While, screen'd from August's feverish heat,
 Beneath this spreading elm I lie,
 And view the yellow harvest far around,
 The neighbouring fields with plenty crown'd,
 And over head a fair unclouded sky.

The wood, the park's romantic scene,
 The deer, that innocent and gay
 On the soft turf's perpetual green
 Pass all their lives in love and play,
 Are various objects of delight,
 That sport with fancy, and invite
 Your aid, the pleasure to compleat;
 Begin—and Echo shall the song repeat.

III.

Hark!—the kind inspiring powers
 Answer from their secret bowers,
 Propitious to my call!
 They join their choral voices all,
 To charm my solitary hours.
 Listen, they cry, thou pensive swain!
 Though much the tuneful sisters love
 The fields, the park, the shady grove:
 The fields, and park, and shady grove,
 The tuneful sisters now disdain,
 And chuse to sooth thee with a sweeter strain;
 Molinda's praises shall our skill employ,
 Molinda, Nature's pride, and every Muse's joy!
 The Muses triumph'd at her birth,
 When, first descending from her parent skies,
 This star of beauty shot to earth;
 Love saw the fires that darted from her eyes,
 He saw, and smil'd—the winged boy,
 Gave early omens of her conquering fame,
 And to his mother lisp'd her name,
 Molinda!—Nature's pride, and every Muse's joy.

IV. Say,

IV.

Say, beauteous Asted ! has thy honour'd shade

Ever receiv'd that lovely maid ?

Ye nymphs and sylvan deities, confess
That shining festal day of happiness !

For if the lovely maid was here,
April himself, though in so fair a dress
He clothe the meads, though his delicious showers,
Awake the blossoms and the breathing flowers,

And new-create the fragrant year ;

April himself, or brighter May,

Assisted by the god of day,

Never made your grove so gay,

Or half so full of charms appear.

V.

Whatever rural seat she now doth grace,

And shines a goddess of the plains,

Imperial Love new triumphs there ordains,

Removes with her from place to place,

With her he keeps his court, and where she lives he
reigns.

A thousand bright attendants more

Her glorious equipage compose :

There circling Pleasure ever flows :

Friendship, and Arts, a well-selected store,

Good-humour, Wit, and Musick's soft delight,

The shorten'd minutes there beguile,

And sparkling Mirth, that never looks so bright,

As when it lightens in Molinda's smile.

VI.

Thither, ye guardian powers (if such there are,
Deputed from the sky

To watch o'er human-kind with friendly care,)

Thither, ye gentle spirits, fly!

If goodness like your own can move

Your constant zeal, your tenderest love,

For ever wait on this accomplish'd fair!

Shield her from every ruder breath of air.

Nor let invading sickness come

To blast those beauties in their bloom.

May no misguided choice, no hapless doom,

Disturb the heaven of her fair life

With clouds of grief, or showers of melting tears;

Let harsh unkindness, and ungenerous strife,

Repining discontent, and boding fears,

With every shape of woe, be driven away

Like ghosts prohibited the day.

Let Peace o'er her his dovelike wings display,

And smiling joys crown all her blissful years!

T O

MR. CONSTANTINE,

O N H I S

P A I N T I N G S.

WHILE o'er the cloth thy happy pencil strays,
 And the pleas'd eye its artful course surveys,
 Behold the magick power of shade and light !
 A new creation opens to our sight.
 Here tufted groves rise boldly to the sky,
 There spacious lawns more distant charm the eye ;
 The crystal lakes in borrow'd tinctures shine,
 And misty hills the fair horizon join,
 Lost in the azure borders of the day,
 Like sounds remote that die in air away.
 The peopled prospect various pleasure yields,
 Sheep grace the hills, and herds or swains the fields ;
 Harmonious order o'er the whole presides,
 And Nature crowns the work, which Judgment guides.

Nor with less skill display'd by thee appear
 The different products of the fertile year ;
 While fruits with imitated ripeness glow,
 And sudden flowers beneath thy pencil blow.
 Such, and so various, thy extensive hand,
 Oft in suspense the pleas'd spectators stand,

Doubt-

Doubtful to chuse, and fearing still to err,
 When to thyself they would thyself prefer.
 So when the rival gods at Athens strove,
 By wondrous works their power divine to prove,
 As Neptune's trident strook the teeming earth,
 Here the proud horse upstart to his birth;
 And there, as Pallas bless'd the fruitful scene,
 The spreading olive rear'd its stately green;
 In dumb surprize the gazing crouds were lost,
 Nor knew on which to fix their wonder most.

T O
 U R A N I A,
 O N H E R
 A R R I V A L A T J A M A I C A .

THROUGH yielding waves the vessel swiftly
 flies,
 That bears Urania from our eager eyes;
 Deaf to our call, the billows waft her o'er,
 With speed obsequious to a distant shore;
 A prize more rich than Spain's whole fleets could boast
 From fam'd Peru, or Chili's golden coast!
 There the glad natives, on the crouded strand,
 With wonder see the matchless stranger land;
 Transplanted glories in her features smile,
 And a new dawn of beauty gilds their isle.

So

TO URANIA.

251

So from the sea when Venus rose serene,
And by the nymphs and tritons first was seen,
The watery world beheld, with pleas'd surprize,
O'er its wide waste new tracks of light arise;
The winds were hush'd, the floods forgot to move,
And nature own'd th' auspicious Queen of Love.

Henceforth no more the Cyprian isle be nam'd,
Though for th' abode of that bright goddess fam'd;
Jamaica's happier groves, conceal'd so long
Through ages past, are now the poets song.
The Graces there, and Virtues fix their throne;
Urania makes th' adopted land her own.

The Muse, with her in thought transported, sees
The opening scene, the bloomy plants and trees,
By brighter skies rais'd to a nobler birth,
And fruits deny'd to Europe's colder earth.
At her approach, like courtiers doubly gay
To grace the pomp of some lov'd prince's day,
The gladden'd soil in all its plenty shines,
New spreads its branching palms, and new adorns its
pines;

With gifts prepares the shining guest to meet,
And pours its verdant offerings at her feet.
As in the fields with pleasure she appears,
Smiles on the labourers, and their labours cheers,
The luscious canes with sweeter juices flow,
The melons ripen, and the citrons blow,
The golden orange takes a richer dye,
And slaves forget their toil, while she is by.

Not

Not Ceres' self more blessings could display,
When through the earth she took her wandering way,
Far from her native coast, and all around
Diffus'd ripe harvests through the teeming ground.

Mean while our drooping vales deserted mourn,
Till happy years bring on her wish'd return;
New honours then, Urania, shall be thine,
And Britain shall again the world outshine.

So when of late our sun was veil'd from sight
In dark eclipse, and lost in sudden night,
A shivering cold each heart with horror thrill'd,
The birds forsook the skies, the herds the field;
But when the conquering orb, with one bright ray,
Broke through the gloom, and reenthron'd the day,
The herds reviv'd, the birds renew'd their strains,
Unusual transports rais'd the cheerful swains,
And joy returning echo'd through the plains.

THE FOLLOWING
SUPPLEMENT AND CONCLUSION

T O

Mr. MILTON's incomparable Poem, entitled,
IL PENSEROSO, or THE PENSIVE MAN,
was also writ by Mr. Hughes.

It seems necessary to quote the eight foregoing lines
for the right understanding of it.

‘ AND may at last my weary age
‘ Find out the peaceful hermitage,
‘ The hairy gown and mossy cell,
‘ Where I may sit, and rightly spell
‘ Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
‘ And every herb that sips the dew;
‘ Till old experience do attain
‘ To something like prophetic strain.
There let Time's creeping winter shed
His hoary snow around my head;
And while I feel, by fast degrees,
My sluggish blood wax chill, and freeze,
Let thought unveil to my fixt eye
The scenes of deep eternity,
Till life dissolving at the view,
I wake, and find those visions true !

THE

THE

HUE AND CRY.

O YES!—Hear, all ye beaux and wits,
 Musicians, poets, 'squires, and cits,
 All, who in town or country dwell!
 Say, can you tale or tidings tell
 Of Tortorella's hasty flight?
 Why in new groves she takes delight,
 And if in concert, or alone,
 The cooing murmurer makes her moan?

Now learn the marks, by which you may
 Trace out and stop the lovely 'stray!

Some wit, more folly, and no care,
 Thoughtless her conduct, free her air;
 Gay, scornful, sober, indiscreet,
 In whom all contradictions meet;
 Civil, affronting, peevish, easy,
 Form'd both to charm you and displease you;
 Much want of judgment, none of pride,
 Modish her dress, her hoop full wide;
 Brown skin, her eyes of sable hue,
 Angel, when pleas'd, when vex'd, a shrew.

Genteel her motion, when she walks,
 Sweetly she sings, and loudly talks;

Knows

Knows all the world, and its affairs.
Who goes to court, to plays, to prayers,
Who keeps, who marries, fails, or thrives,
Leads honest, or dishonest, lives;
What money match'd each youth or maid,
And who was at each masquerade;
Of all fine things in this fine town,
She's only to herself unknown.

By this description, if you meet her,
With lowly bows, and homage greet her;
And if you bring the vagrant beauty
Back to her mother and her duty,
Ask for reward a lover's bliss,
And (if she'll let you) take a kiss;
Or more, if more you wish and may,
Try if at church the words she'll say,
Then make her, if you can—"obey."

}

THE

PATRIOT.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM LORD COWPER,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

HOW godlike is the man, how truly great,
 Who, midst contending factions of the state,
 In council cool, in resolution bold,
 Nor brib'd by hopes, nor by mean fears control'd,
 And proof alike against both foes and friends,
 Ne'er from the golden mean of virtue bends!
 But wisely fix'd, nor to extremes inclin'd,
 Maintains the steady purpose of his mind.

So Atlas, pois'd on his broad base, defies
 The shock of gathering storms and wintry skies;
 Above the clouds, serene, he lifts his brow,
 And sees unmov'd the thunder break below.

But where's the patriot, by these virtues known,
 Unsway'd by others passions, or his own?
 Just to his prince, and to the publick true,
 That shuns, in all events, each partial view?
 That ne'er forgets the whole of things to weigh,
 And scorns the short-liv'd wisdom of a day?

If there be one—hold Muse, nor more reveal—
 (Yet oh that numbers could his name conceal !)
 Thrice happy Britain, of such wealth posselt !
 On thy firm throne, great George, unshaken rest,
 Safe in his judgment, on his faith rely,
 And prize the worth which kingdoms cannot buy !

Rich in itself, the genuine diamond shines,
 And owes its value to its native mines ;
 Yet set in Britain's crown, drinks ampler rays
 Of the sun's light, and casts a wider blaze.
 With pleasure we the well-plac'd gem behold,
 That adds a lustre to the royal gold.

January 25, 1717-18.

Of the play called *the Jew*, in which
 of his father's death, who was murdered by him.
 This part of the play is the subject of the Epistle of
 Sophocles, where, in the conclusion of the play,
 Cleonice is heard behind the scene crying out in
 vain for mercy, while her son is executing his revenge.
 Perhaps this play was written first, and Euripides
 took up the story where the other left off. The re-
 flection on his guilt of paying his mother to death,
 though a criminal, with his own hands, filled Oed-
 ipus's mind with so much horror, that afterwards called
 his distraction. In this condition he is represented
 in the following scene, lying on a couch, and his
 sister Hecuba, with a cluster of Grecian women,

THE S

T H E

SECOND SCENE OF THE FIRST ACT

O F

O R E S T E S ,

A

T R A G E D Y .

TRANSLATED FROM EURIPIDES.

A R G U M E N T .

Orestes had killed his mother Clytemnestra, in revenge of his father's death, who was murdered by her. This part of the story is the subject of the *Electra* of Sophocles, where, in the conclusion of the play, Clytemnestra is heard behind the scene crying out in vain for mercy, while her son is executing his revenge. Perhaps this play was written first; and Euripides took up the story where the other left off. The reflection on his guilt in putting his mother to death, though a criminal, with his own hands, filled Orestes's mind with so much horror as afterwards caused his distraction. In this condition he is represented in the following scene, lying on a couch, and his sister *Electra*, with a chorus of Grecian women, waiting near him.

I shall

I shall detain the reader no longer than to observe, that the tenderness of Electra, and the alternate starts and returns of madness and reason in Orestes, are touched with the most exquisite strokes of nature and passion.

CHORUS, ORESTES, ELECTRA.

CHORUS.

DRAW near, Electra, to thy brother's couch;
See if he breathes; this long-protracted rest
May end in death, and fatally deceive thee.

ORESTES, waking.

O sweet refreshing sleep! thou balmy cure
Of sickness and of pain!
How has thy gentle power at length reliev'd me!
O soft oblivion of surrounding ills,
How grateful to th' afflicted are thy charms!
Where am I?—speak—inform me, tell me where?
How came I hither? for I know not how!
Alas! I've lately been bereft of reason!
And now, no track of former thought remains.

ELECTRA.

O my much-lov'd Orestes! O my brother!
With joy I've watch'd o'er thy late healing slumbers.
Come—shall I help to raise thee from thy couch?

ORESTES.

Soft, I pray thee—first wipe away these drops,
That sit all dewy o'er my face.

ELECTRA.

Ye gods!

How pleasant is this task to a sister's love!

ORESTES.

Come, let me lean upon thee;—how canst thou bear
me?—Put forth thy hand; remove the clotted locks,
That shade my sight; I scarcely yet can see—

ELECTRA.

O my poor brother; how has sickness chang'd thee!
Thy face, thy beard, so long unwash'd, deform thee,
And spread an unknown horror o'er thy mien.

ORESTES.

I'm weary;—lead me to my couch again.
When my fit leaves me, I am weak and faint,
And a cold trembling runs through all my limbs.

ELECTRA.

How friendly is the sick man's bed; though pain
Dwell there, yet there he best may bear it.

ORESTES.

O! help once more; and gently bend me forward.

CHORUS.

The sick are ever restless;
Uneasiness and pain make them impatient.

ELEC-

ELECTRA.

Wilt thou get up, and try again to walk?
Change will perhaps relieve thee.

O R E S T E S.

I fain would walk—and, seeming well awhile,
Delude my anxious thoughts.

ELECTRA.

Now hear me, brother;
Hear me, while yet the cruel furies leave thee
This pause from grief, this interval of reason.

O R E S T E S.

Speak quick thy news—if it be good, 'tis welcome;
If ill—I've load enough; nor add thou more.

ELECTRA.

Then know, thy uncle Menelaus comes;
His ship is in the port—

O R E S T E S.

What dost thou say?—
He comes, like dawning light, to cheer our griefs,
And chase away the blackness of despair;
My father's brother, and his best-lov'd friend!

ELECTRA.

He's now arriv'd—and brings from conquer'd Troy
His beauteous Helen—

O R E S T E S.

Say'st thou?—better far

He came alone—and he alone surviving;
 But if with Helen—then he brings a curse,
 A heavy curse—

ELECTRA.

The race of Tyndarus
 Have through all Greece spread infamy and shame.

ORESTES.

Beware then—shun the deeds of impious women.
 Wear no false face—be good, as well as seem so—
 Beware, I say—

ELECTRA.

Alas! what means my brother? you are chang'd.
 Your colour shifts—your eyes look fiercely wild—
 Your fit returns—O Heavens! he's lost again.

ORESTES.

Mother, forbear!—What! no forgiveness—never?
 O! take away those furies—how they shake
 Their snaky locks, and grin around me!

ELECTRA.

Alas! poor wretch; 'tis thy own fear alarms thee.
 Compose thyself: why dost thou leave thy couch?
 Here are no fiends; thou talk'st to shapeless air.

ORESTES.

Help, help me, Phœbus—See, those dogs of hell
 With famish'd jaws gape horrid to devour me!

Th'

Th' infernal priestesses look fiercely on me;
They thirst for blood, and I'm the destin'd victim!

ELECTRA.

Nay, strive not—for I will not let thee go,
While these weak arms can fold thee—

ORESTES.

What art thou?
One of my curst tormentors?—Hence—I know thee;
Thou grasp'st me thus to plunge me down to hell.

ELECTRA.

Oh! whence can wretched mortals hope for succour,
When Heaven is deaf, and all the gods our foes!

ORESTES.

Reach me the weapons of the shooting god,
Apollo's gift, the shafts and horny bow;
With these he bad me drive the fiends away,
When cruel, they attack me—

ELECTRA.

Can they feel?
Can deathless beings feel a mortal wound?

ORESTES.

They shall—or leave my tortur'd fight—behold!
Dost thou not see their feather'd shafts fly round me?
Begone, ye ministers of wrath—Away! away!
The guilt 's not mine—Hence, through the yielding
skies,

Fly swift to Heaven—and charge Apollo there,
 Whose oracle betray'd me—Ah! I faint;
 My spirits sink—Where am I now? Alas!
 How have I left my bed?—how stray'd I hither?
 O—I perceive—once more the raging waves
 Have spent their force—and all is calm again—
 My sister?—weeping too? Why dost thou turn
 Thy face away, thus muffled in thy garment?
 I grieve to think what I have made thee suffer;
 I know, my sickness bears too hard upon thee;
 Yet weep not for my crimes, unhappy maid!
 The deed was mine—Thou only didst consent:
 'Twas I that slew my mother—Phœbus himself
 Advis'd that impious act—the guilt be his,
 Whose words spoke comfort, but who now forsakes me.
 But oh! Electra, had our father's shade
 Been present then—had I, before the god,
 Ask'd his consent, to strike the murderers dead,
 The pitying manes sure had stop'd my hand,
 Nor would have wish'd for his own life again.
 Redeem'd by guilt, so horrid in a son.

Now wipe away thy tears, lamenting maid;
 Though we're both wretched, tears are shed in vain;
 And when thou seest again my faltering reason,
 Be ready thou to rule my broken sense,
 And comfort my affliction—And when thou
 Shalt sink beneath thy pressing woes, I'll strive
 By soothing words to mitigate thy sorrows,
 Such offices become our fond affection.

But

But now, retiring to thy own apartment,
 Let gentle slumber close thy wakeful eyes;
 Then rise refresh'd; anoint thy wearied limbs,
 And with due nourishment recruit thy spirits.
 Such ceaseless watchings will exhaust thy strength,
 And make thy languid life a burden to thee.
 Thou seest, all other friends are fled; thou art
 My only solace in this dire affliction.
 Should'st thou forsake me too, I'm lost indeed.

ELECTRA.

O no! thy sister never will forsake thee;
 Nor only will I live, but die with thee;
 What joy could life afford a wretched woman,
 Bereft of father, brother, every friend?—

But if you so command, I will retire;
 In the mean while, compose thyself to rest,
 Reclin'd upon thy couch; nor let vain terrors
 Rouse thee again—Thy own upbraiding conscience
 Is the revengeful fiend, that haunts thy breast!

ON THE
BIRTH-DAY
OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LORD CHANCELLOR PARKER.

JULY XXIII, MDCCXIX.

AS father Thames pours out his plenteous urn
O'er common tracts, with speed his waters flow;
But where some beauteous palace does adorn
His banks, the river seems to move more slow;
As if he stopp'd awhile, with conscious pride,
Nor to the ocean would pursue his race,
Till he reflect its glories in his tide,
And call the water-nymphs around to gaze.

So in Time's common flood the huddled throng
Of months and hours unheeded pass away,
Unless some general good our joy prolong,
And mark the moments of some festal day.

Not fair July, though Plenty clothe his fields,
Though golden suns make all his mornings smile,
Can boast of aught that such a triumph yields,
As that he gave a Parker to our isle.

Hail

Hail happy month ! secure of lasting fame !
 Doubly distinguish'd through the circling year :
 In Rome a hero gave thee first thy name ;
 A patriot's birth makes thee to Britain dear.

T H E

XIVth OLYMPICK OF PINDAR.

T O

ASOPICUS OF ORCHOMENUS.

I.

YE heavenly Graces, who preside
 O'er Minyæa's happy soil, that breeds,
 Swift for the race, the fairest steeds ;
 And rule the land, where with a gentle tide
 Your lov'd Cephisian waters glide !
 To you Orchomenus's towers belong,
 Then hear, ye goddesses, and aid the song.

II.

Whatever honours shine below,
 Whatever gifts can move delight,
 Or sooth the ravish'd soul, or charm the sight,
 To you their power of pleasing owe.
 Fame, beauty, wisdom, you bestow ;
 Nor will the gods the sacred banquet own,
 Nor on the Chorus look propitious down,
 If you your presence have deny'd,
 To rule the banquet, and the Chorus guide.

III. In

III.

In Heaven itself all own your happy Care;
 Bless'd by your influence divine,
 There all is good, and all is fair:
 On thrones sublime you there illustrious shine;
 Plac'd near Apollo with the golden lyre,
 You all his harmony inspire,
 And warbled hymns to Jove perpetual sing,
 To Jove, of Heaven the father and the king.

IV.

Now hear, Aglaia, venerable maid!
 Hear thou that tuneful verse dost love,
 Euphrosyne! join your coelestial aid,
 Ye daughters of immortal Jove!
 Thalia too be present with my lays;
 Asopicus has rais'd his city's name,
 And, victor in th' Olympic strife, may claim
 From you his just reward of virtuous praise.

V.

And thou, O Fame! this happy triumph spread;
 Fly to the regions of the dead,
 Through Proserpine's dark empire bear the sound,
 There seek Cleodamus below,
 And let the pleas'd paternal spirit know,
 How on the plains of Pisa far renown'd,
 His son, his youthful son, of matchless speed,
 Bore off from all the victor's meed,
 And with an olive wreath his envy'd temples crown'd.

169 HUGHES
THE
MORNING APPARITION.

WRITTEN AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE, IN SURRY.

THE SEAT OF MR. BRIDGES.

ALL things were hush'd, as noise itself were dead;
No midnight mice stirr'd round my silent bed;
Not ev'n a gnat disturb'd the peace profound,
Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch unwound;
No ticking death-worm told a fancy'd doom,
Nor hidden cricket chirrup'd in the room;
No breeze the casement shook, or fann'd the leaves,
Nor drops of rain fell soft from off the eaves;
Nor noisy splinter made the candle weep,
But the dim watchlight seem'd itself asleep,
When tir'd I clos'd my eyes—How long I lay
In slumber wrapp'd, I list not now to say:
When hark! a sudden noise—See! open flies
The yielding door—I, starting, rubb'd my eyes,
Fast clos'd awhile; and as their lids I rear'd,
Full at my feet a tall thin form appear'd,
While through my parted curtains rushing broke
A light like day, ere yet the figure spoke.
Cold sweat bedew'd my limbs—Nor did I dream;
Hear, mortals, hear! for real truth 's my theme.

270 HUGHES'S POEMS.

And now, more bold, I rais'd my trembling bones
To look—when lo ! 'twas honest master Jones *;
Who way'd his hand, to banish fear and sorrow,
Well charg'd with toast and sack, and cry'd " Good
" morrow ! "

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE,

THEN THE SEAT OF

MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES.

M DCC XIX.

E NVY, if thy searching eye
Through this window chance to pry,
To thy sorrow thou shalt find,
All that's generous, friendly, kind,
Goodness, virtue, every grace,
Dwelling in this happy place :
Then, if thou would'st shun this fight,
Hence for ever take thy flight.

• The butler.

THE

THE
SUPPLEMENT:
THE CHARACTER OF
MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES.
IMPERFECT.

Painter, give o'er; here ends thy feeble art;
For how wilt thou describe th' immortal part?
Though Kneller's or though Raphael's skill were thine,
Or Titian's colours on the cloth did shine,
The labour'd piece must yet half-finish'd stand,
And mock the weakness of the master's hand.

Colours are but the phantoms of the day,
With that they're born, with that they fade away;
Like beauty's charms, they but amuse the sight,
Dark in themselves, till, by reflection bright,
With the sun's aid to rival him they boast,
But light withdrawn in their own shades are lost.
Then what are these t' express the living fire,
The lamp within, that never can expire?
That work can only by the Muse be wrought;
Souls must paint souls, and thought delineate thought.

* She died Dec. 3, 1745, aged 88. See some verses
to her memory in Mrs. Toller's poems, p. 139.

Then

Then Painter-Muse begin, and unconfin'd
 Draw boldly first a large extent of mind :
 Yet not a barren waste, an empty space,
 For crouds of virtues fill up all the place,
 See! o'er the rest fair Piety presides,
 As the bright sun th' inferior planets guides ;
 To the soul's powers it vital heat supplies,
 And hence a thousand worthy habits rise.
 So when that genial father of the spring
 Smiles on the meads, and wakes the birds to sing,
 And from the heavenly bull his influence sheds
 On the parterres and fruitful garden beds,
 A thousand beauteous births shoot up to light,
 A thousand buds unfolding meet the light ;
 Each useful plant does the rich earth adorn,
 And all the flowery universe is born.

O! could my verse describe this sacred queen,
 This first of virtues, awful, yet serene,
 Plain in her native charms, nor too severe,
 Free from false zeal, and superstitious fear ;
 Such and so bright, as by the effects we find
 She dwells in this selected happy mind,
 The source of every good should stand confest,
 And all who see, applaud the heaven-born guest!

Proceed, my Muse, next in the picture place
 Diffusive charity to human race.
 Justice thou need'st not in the draught express,
 Since every greater still includes the less.

What

What were the praise if Virtue idly stood,
 Content alike to do nor harm nor good?
 Though shunning ill, unactive and supine,
 Like painted suns, that warm not while they shine?
 The nobler soul such narrow life disdains,
 Flows out, and meets another's joys and pains,
 Tasteless of blessings, if possess'd alone,
 And in imparted pleasures seeks its own.
 Hence grows the sense of Friendship's generous fires,
 Hence Liberality the heart inspires,
 Hence streams of good in constant actions flow,
 And man to man becomes a god below !

A soul thus form'd, and such a soul is here,
 Needs not the dangerous test of riches fear,
 But, unsubdued to wealth, may safely stand,
 And count o'er heaps with an unsully'd hand.
 Heaven that knew this, and where t' intrust its store,
 And, blessing one, oft' blesses many more,
 First gave a will to give, then fitly join'd
 A liberal fortune to a liberal mind.
 With such a graceful ease her bounty flows ;
 She gives, and scarce that she's the giver knows,
 But seems receiving most, when she the most be-
 flows.

Rich in herself, well may she value more
 Her wealth within, the mind's immortal store ;
 Passions subdued, and knowledge free from pride,
 Good humour, ever to good sense ally'd,

T

Well-

Well-season'd mirth, and wisdom unsevere,
 An equal temper, and a heart sincere ;
 Gifts that alone from Nature's bounty flow,
 Which fortune may display, but not bestow ;
 For wealth but sets the picture more in sight,
 And brings the beauties or the faults to light.
 How true th' esteem, that's founded in desert !
 How pleasing is the tribute of the heart !
 Here willing duty ne'er was paid in vain,
 And ev'n dependence cannot feel its chain,
 Yet whom she thus sets free she closer binds,
 (Affection is the chain of grateful minds)
 And, doubly blessing her adopted care,
 Makes them her virtues with her fortune share,
 Leads by example, and by kindness guards,
 And raises first the merit she rewards.

Oft too abroad she casts a friendly eye,
 As she would help to every need supply.
 The poor near her almost their cares forget,
 Their want but serves as hunger to their meat ;
 For, since her soul 's ally'd to human kind,
 Not to her house alone her store 's confin'd,
 But passing on, its own full banks o'erflows,
 Enlarg'd, and deals forth plenty as it goes.
 Through some fair garden thus a river leads
 It's watery wealth, and first th' inclosure feeds,
 Visits each plant, and every flower supplies ;
 Or, taught in sportive fountains to arise,
 Casts sprinkled showers o'er every figur'd green ;
 Or in canals walks round the beauteous scene,

Yet

Yet stops not there, but its free course maintains,
 And spreads gay verdure through th' adjacent plains;
 The labouring hinds with pleasure see it flow,
 And bless those streams by which their pastures grow.

O generous use of power! O virtuous pride!
 Ne'er may the means be to such souls deny'd,
 Executors of Heaven's all-bounteous will,
 Who well the great First-giver's ends fulfil,
 Who, from superior heights still looking down
 On glittering heaps, which scarce they think their own,
 Despise the empty show of useless state,
 And only would by doing good be great!

Now pause a while, my Muse, and then renew
 The pleasing talk, and take a second view!

* * * * *

A train of virtues yet undrawn appear;
 Here just Oeconomy, strict Prudence there;
 Near Liberality they ever stand;
 This guides her judgment, that directs her hand.
 By these, see wild Profusion chac'd away,
 And wanton Luxury, like birds of prey.
 Whilst meek Humility, with charms serene,
 Forbids vain Pomp t' approach the hallow'd scene;
 Yet through her veil the more attracts the sight,
 And on her sister-virtues casts a light.

But wherefore starts the Painter-Muse, and why,
 The piece unfinish'd, throws the pencil by?

Methinks, (she says), Humility I hear,
 With gentle voice reproving, cry—Forbear!
 Forbear, rash Muse! nor longer now commend,
 Left whom thou would'st describe, thou should'st offend,
 And in her breast a painful glowing raise,
 Who, conscious of the merit, shuns the praise.

T H E
 E C S T A S Y.
 A N
 O D E.

“ Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ
 “ Accipiant, cœlique vias & sidera monstrent.”

VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be proper to acquaint the reader that the following poem was begun on the model of a Latin ode of Casimire, intituled *EREBUS HUMANIS EXCESSUS*, from which it is plain that COWLEY likewise took the first hint of his ode called the *ECSTASY*. The former part therefore is chiefly an imitation of that ode, though with considerable variations, and the addition of the whole second stanza,

stanza, except the first three lines: but the plan itself seeming capable of a farther improvement, the latter part, which attempts a short view of the heavens according to the modern philosophy, is entirely original, and not founded on any thing in the Latin author.

I.

I LEAVE Mortality's low sphere.
 Ye winds and clouds, come lift me high,
 And on your airy pinions bear
 Swift through the regions of the sky.
 What lofty mountains downward fly!
 And lo, how wide a space of air
 Extends new prospects to my eye!
 The gilded fanes, reflecting light,
 And royal palaces, as bright,
 (The rich abodes
 Of heavenly and of earthly gods)
 Retire apace; whole cities too
 Decrease beneath my rising view.
 And now far off the rolling globe appears;
 Its scatter'd nations I survey,
 And all the mass of earth and sea;
 Oh object well deserving tears!
 Capricious state of things below,
 That, changeful from their birth, no fix'd duration
 know!

II.

Here new-built towns, aspiring high,
 Ascend, with lofty turrets crown'd;
 There others fall, and mouldering lie,
 Obscure, or only by their ruins found.
 Palmyra's far-extended waste I spy,
 (Once Tadmor, ancient in renown)
 Her marble heaps, by the wild Arab shown,
 Still load with useless pomp the ground.
 But where is lordly Babylon? where now
 Lifts she to Heaven her giant brow?
 Where does the wealth of Nineveh abound?
 Or where 's the pride of Africk's shore?
 Is Rome's great rival then no more?
 In Rome herself behold th' extremes of fate,
 Her ancient greatness sunk, her modern boasted state!
 See her luxurious palaces arise
 With broken arches mix'd between!
 And here what splendid domes possess the skies!
 And there old temples, open to the day,
 Their walls o'ergrown with moss display;
 And columns, awful in decay,
 Rear up their roof-less heads to form the various scene.

III.

Around the space of earth I turn my eye;
 But where 's the region free from woe?
 Where shall the Muse one little spot descry
 The seat of happiness below?
 Here Peace would all its joys dispense,
 The vines and olives unmolested grow,
 But lo! a purple pestilence

Unpeoples

Unpeoples cities, sweeps the plains,
 Whilst vainly through deserted fields
 Her unreap'd harvests Ceres yields,
 And at the noon of day a midnight silence reigns.
 There milder heat the healthful climate warms,
 But, slaves to arbitrary power,
 And pleas'd each other to devour,
 The mad possessors rush to arms.
 I see, I see them from afar,
 I view distinct the mingled war!
 I see the charging squadrons press
 Hand to hand, and breast to breast.
 Destruction, like a vulture, hovers nigh;
 Lur'd with the hope of human blood,
 She hangs upon the wing, uncertain where to fly,
 But licks her drowthy jaws, and waits the promis'd
 food.

IV.

Here cruel Discord takes a wider scene,
 To exercise more unrelenting rage;
 Appointed fleets their numerous powers engage,
 With scarce a space of sea between.
 Hark! what a brazen burst of thunder
 Rends the elements asunder!
 Affrighted Ocean flies the roar,
 And drives the billows to the distant shore;
 The distant shore,
 That such a storm ne'er felt before,
 Transmits it to the rocks around;
 The rocks and hollow creeks prolong the rolling sound.

V.

Still greater horrors strike my eyes.
 Behold convulsive earthquakes there
 And shatter'd land in pieces tear,
 And ancient cities sink, and sudden mountains rise !
 Through opening mines th' astonish'd wretches go,
 Hurry'd to unknown depths below.
 The bury'd ruin sleeps ; and naught remains
 But dust above and desert plains,
 Unless some stone this sad inscription wear,
 Rais'd by some future traveller,
 " The prince, his people, and his kingdom, here,
 " One common tomb contains."

VI.

Again, behold where seas, disdainful bound,
 O'er the firm land usurping ride,
 And bury spacious towns beneath their sweeping tide.
 Dash'd with the sudden flood the vaulted temples found.
 Waves roll'd on waves, deep burying deep, lift high
 A watery monument, in which profound
 The courts and cottages together lie.
 Ev'n now the floating wreck I spy,
 And the wide surface far around
 With spoils of plunder'd countries crown'd.
 Such, Belgia, was the ravage and affright,
 When late thou saw'st thy ancient foe
 Swell o'er thy dignes, oppos'd in vain,
 With deadly rage, and rising in it's might
 Pour down swift ruin on thy plains below.

Thus

Thus Fire, and Air, and Earth, and Main,
 A never-ceasing fight maintain,
 While man on every side is sure to lose;
 And fate has furnish'd out the stage of life
 With war, misfortune, and with strife;
 Till Death the curtain drops, and shuts the scene of
 woes.

VII.

But why do I delay my flight?
 Or on such gloomy objects gaze?
 I go to realms serene with ever-living light.
 Haste, clouds and whirlwinds, haste a raptur'd bard to
 raise;
 Mount me sublime along the shining way,
 Where planets, in pure streams of æther driv'n,
 Swim through the blue expanse of heaven.
 And lo! th' obsequious clouds and winds obey!
 And lo! again the nations downwards fly,
 And wide-stretch'd kingdoms perish from my eye.
 Heaven! what bright visions now arise!
 What opening worlds my ravish'd sense surprise!
 I pass cerulean gulphs, and now behold
 New solid globes their weight, self-balanc'd, bear.
 Unprop'd amidst the fluid air,
 And all, around the central sun, in circling eddies
 roll'd.
 Unequal in their course, see they advance,
 And form the planetary dance!
 Here the pale moon, whom the same laws ordain
 T' obey the earth, and rule the main;

Here

Here spots no more in shadowy streaks appear;
 But lakes instead, and groves of trees,
 The wondering Muse transported fees,
 And their tall heads discover'd mountains rear.
 And now once more I downward cast my sight,
 When lo! the earth, a larger moon, displays
 Far off, amidst the heavens, her silver face,
 And to her sister-moon by turns gives light!
 Her seas are shadowy spots, her land a milky white.

VIII.

What power unknown my course still upwards
 guides,
 Where Mars is seen his ruddy rays to throw
 Through heatless skies that round him seem to glow,
 And where remoter Jove o'er his four moons presides?
 And now I urge my way more bold,
 Unpierc'd by Saturn's chilling cold,
 And pass his planetary guards, and his bright ring behold.
 Here the sun's beams so faintly play,
 The mingled shades almost extinguish day.
 His rays reverted hence the fire withdraws,
 For here his wide dominions end;
 And other suns, that rule by other laws,
 Hither their bordering realms extend.

IX.

And now far off through the blue vacant borne,
 I reach at last the milky road,
 Once thought to lead to Jove's supreme abode,
 Where stars, profuse in heaps, Heaven's glittering
 heights adorn.

THE ECSTASY. 23

Loft in each other's neighbouring rays,
 They undistinguish'd shine in one promiscuous blaze.
 So thick the lucid gems are strown,
 As if th' Almighty Builder here
 Laid up his stores for many a sphere
 In destin'd worlds, as yet unknown.
 Hither the nightly-wakeful swain,
 That guards his folds upon the plain,
 Oft turns his gazing eyes,
 Yet marks no stars, but o'er his head
 Beholds the streamy twilight spread,
 Like distant morning in the skies;
 And wonders from what source its dawning splendors
 rise.

X.

But lo!—what 's this I see appear?
 It seems far off a pointed flame;
 From earth-wards too the shining meteor came.
 How swift it climbs th' aerial space!
 And now it traverses each sphere,
 And seems some living guest, familiar to the place.
 'Tis he—as I approach more near
 The great Columbus of the skies I know!
 'Tis Newton's soul, that daily travels here
 In search of knowledge for mankind below.
 O stay, thou happy spirit, stay,
 And lead me on through all th' unbeaten wilds of day;
 As when the Sibyl did Rome's father guide
 Safe through the downward roads of night,
 And in Elysium blest his sight
 With views till then to mortal eyes deny'd.

Here

Here let me, thy companion, stray,
 From orb to orb, and now behold
 Unnumber'd suns, all seas of molten gold;
 And trace each comet's wandering way,
 And now descry Light's fountain-head,
 And measure its descending speed;
 Or learn how sun-born colours rise
 In rays distinct, and in the skies
 Blended in yellow radiance flow,
 Or stain the fleecy cloud, or streak the watery bow;
 Or now diffus'd their beauteous tinctures shed
 On every planet's rising hills, and every verdant mead.

XI.

Thus, rais'd sublime on Contemplation's wings,
 Fresh wonders I would still explore,
 Still the great Maker's power adore,
 Lost in the thought—nor ever more
 Return to earth, and earthly things;
 But here with native freedom take my flight,
 An inmate of the Heavens, adopted into light!
 So for a while the royal eagle's brood
 In his low nest securely lies,
 Amid the darkness of the sheltering wood,
 Yet there with in-born vigour hopes the skies:
 Till fledg'd with wings full-grown, and bold to rise,
 The bird of Heaven to Heaven aspires,
 Soars 'midst the meteors and cœlestial fires,
 With generous pride his humbler birth disdains,
 And bears the thunder through th' ætherial plains.

THE
TENTH BOOK
OF

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA,

TRANSLATED.

THE ARGUMENT AND CONNECTION OF THE STORY
WITH THE FOREGOING BOOKS.

Pompey, flying to Ægypt, after his defeat at Pharsalia, was by the king's consent basely murdered by Pothinus, and his head presented to Cæsar, as he approached the Ægyptian coast, in pursuit of his enemy. The poet having represented this catastrophe in the two former books; the argument of the tenth book is as follows :

Cæsar lands in Ægypt. He goes to Alexandria; visits the temple, and the sepulchre of the kings, in which Alexander the Great was buried. The poet, in a beautiful digression, declaims against the ambition of that monarch. Ptolemy, the young king of Ægypt, meets Cæsar at his arrival, and receives him into his palace. His sister Cleopatra, who had been kept a prisoner in Pharos, makes her escape, and privately getting admittance to Cæsar, implores his protection. By his means she is reconciled to her brother; after which she entertains Cæsar at a feast.

The

The supper being ended, Cæsar requests of Achoreus, the priest, an account of the antiquities of Ægypt, particularly of the river Nile. Achoreus's reply. The course of that river described, with an enumeration of the various opinions concerning its spring, and the causes of its overflowing. Pothinus plots the death of Cæsar. His message to Achilles to invite him to join in this attempt. Achilles marches against Alexandria with an army composed of Ægyptians and Romans, and besieges Cæsar in the palace, who seizes Ptolemy as a pledge for his own security. A herald, sent from the king to enquire the cause of this tumult, is slain. An attack being made, Cæsar defends himself, burns the Ægyptian ships in the harbour, and possesses himself of Pharos, where he puts Pothinus to death. Arsinoë, younger sister of Ptolemy, by the aid of Ganimede her governor, arriving in the camp, causes Achilles to be slain. Ganimede renews the attack against Cæsar, who is blocked up in Pharos, and reduced to the greatest extremity.

WHEN conquering Cæsar follow'd to the land
 His rival's head, and trod the barbarous strand,
 His fortune strove with guilty Ægypt's fate
 In doubtful fight, and this the dire debate;
 Shall Roman arms great Lagos' realm enthrall?
 Or shall the victor, like the vanquish'd, fall
 By Ægypt's sword? Pompey, thy ghost withstood
 Th' impending blow, and sav'd the general's blood,

Left

Left Rome, too happy after loss of thee,
Should rule the Nile, herself from bondage free. 10

Secure, and with this barbarous pledge content,
To Alexandria now the conqueror went.
The croud that saw his entry, while, before,
Advancing guards the rods of empire bore,
In murmur'd sounds their jealous rage disclos'd, 15
At Roman rites and foreign law impos'd.
Observing Cæsar soon his error spy'd,
That not for him his mighty rival dy'd,
Yet smooth'd his brow, all marks of fear suppress'd,
And hid his cares, deep bury'd in his breast. 20

Then with intrepid mien he took his way,
The city walls and temples to survey,
Works which thy ancient power, great Macedon, }
display, }
He view'd the splendid fanes with careless eyes,
Shrines rich with gold and sacred mysteries, 25
Nor fix'd his sight, but, eager in his pace,
Descends the vault, which holds the royal race,
Philip's mad son, the prosperous robber, bound
In Fate's eternal chains, here sleeps profound,
Whom death forbad his rapines to pursue, 30
And in the world's revenge the monster slew.
His impious bones, which, through each climate tost,
The sport of winds, or in the ocean lost,
Had met a juster fate, this tomb obtain'd,
And sacred, to that kingdom's end, remain'd. 35
O I

O! should auspicious years roll round again,
 And godlike Liberty resume her reign,
 Preserv'd to scorn the reliques wou'd be shown
 Of the bold chief, whose boundless pride alone
 This curst example to Ambition gave, 40
 How many realms one mortal can enslave!

Disdaining what his father won before,
 Aspiring still, and restless after more,
 He left his home; while Fortune smooth'd his way,
 And o'er the fruitful East enlarg'd his sway. 45
 Red Slaughter mark'd his progress, as he past;
 The guilty sword laid human nature waste,
 Discolour'd Ganges' and Euphrates' flood,
 With Persian this, and that with Indian blood.
 He seem'd in terror to the nations sent, 50
 The wrath of Heaven, a star of dire portent,
 And shook, like thunder, all the continent!

Nor yet content, a navy he provides,
 To seas remote his triumphs now he guides,
 Nor winds nor waves his progress could withstand;
 Nor Libya's scorching heat, and desert land,
 Nor rolling mountains of collected sand. }
 Had Heaven but giv'n him line, he had outrun
 The farthest journey of the setting sun,
 March'd round the poles, and drank discover'd Nile 60
 At his spring-head—But winged fate the while
 Comes on with speed, the funeral hour draws near;
 Death only could arrest his mad career,

Who

Who to his grave the world's sole empire bore,
 With the same envy 'twas acquir'd before; 65
 And, wanting a successor to his reign,
 Left all to suffer conquest once again.

Yet Babylon first yielded to his arms,
 And Parthia trembled at his proud alarms.
 Oh shame to tell! could haughty Parthia fear 70
 The Grecian dart, and not the Roman spear?
 What though the North, and South, and West are
 Ours,

Th' unconquer'd East defies our feeble powers,
 So fatal once to Rome's great Crassus known,
 A province now to Pella's puny town. 75

Now from Pelusium, where expanding wide
 Nile pours into the sea his ample tide,
 Came the boy-king; his presence soon appear'd
 The people's rage, and giddy Tumult ceas'd.
 In Ægypt's palace, Cæsar sleeps secure; 80
 This princely hostage does awhile ensure
 His terms of peace; when lo! the sister-queen,
 In a small boat conceal'd, securely mean,
 With gold corrupts the keeper of the port,
 And undiscover'd lands, and lurks within the court.
 The Royal Whore! her country's worst disgrace,
 The fate and fury of the Roman race!
 As Helen's soft incendiary charms
 Provok'd the Grecian and the Trojan arms,
 No less did Cleopatra's eyes inspire 90
 Italian flames, and spread the kindled fire.

A rabble rout, a vile enervate band
Presum'd th' imperial eagles to withstand;
Canopus march'd, a woman at their head,
And then, if ever, Rome knew aught of dread, 95
E'en mighty Rome with terror heard the jar
Of clatter'd cymbals tinkling to the war,
And shook her lofty towers, and trembled from
afar.

What triumphs had proud Alexandria seen,
Had great Octavius then a captive been, 100
When hovering Victory, at Leucate's bay,
Hung on her wings, and 'twas a strife that day,
If the lost world a Distaff should obey.

From that curst night this daring hope arose,
That shameful night, the source of future woes, 105
Which first commenc'd polluted loves, between
A Roman general and Ægyptian queen.

O who can Anthony's wild passion blame?
Ev'n Cæsar's flinty heart confess'd the softening flame!
The foul adulterer, reeking with the stains 110
Of impious slaughter on Thessalian plains,
Unwash'd from blood, amidst the rage of war,
In joys obscene forgets his cruel care.

Though Pompey's ghost yet haunt those barbarous
walls,

And howling in his ears for vengeance calls, 115
Secure in guilt, he hugs a harlot's charms,
And mingles lawless love with lawless arms,
Nor mindful of his chaster progeny,
A bastard-brother, Julia, gives to thee.

His

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA. 291

His rallying foes on Libyan plains rejoin;
Luxurious Cæsar, shamefully supine,
Forgoes his gains, and for a kiss or smile
Sells the dear purchase of his martial toil.

Him Cleopatra sought t' espouse her care;
Presuming of her charms, the mournful fair } 125
In wild disorder loos'd her lovely hair,
And, with a face inviting sure relief,
In tender accents thus disclos'd her grief:

Great Cæsar, look! of Lagus' royal race,
So thou restore me to my rightful place, } 130
I kneel a queen. Expell'd my father's throne,
My hope of succour is in you alone.
You rise a prosperous star to Ægypt's aid;
O shine propitious on an injur'd maid! }
My sex has oft the Pharian scepter sway'd, } 135
For so the laws admit. Let Cæsar read
Our parent's will; my brother's crown and bed
Are mine to share, and were the youth but free
From saucy tutors, he would marry me.
But by Pothinus' nod his passions move, } 140
Pothinus wields his sword, and manages his love.
Forbid that crime; I freely quit my claim,
But save from such reproach our house and name.
Rescue the royal boy from mean command,
Restore the scepter to his trembling hand, } 145
This vile domestick's lawless pride restrain,
Remove the traitor-guard, and teach the king to reign.

Th' imperious slave, who kill'd great Cæsar's foe,
 Inur'd to blood, would murder Cæsar too,
 But far, far hence, ye gods, avert the threaten'd
 blow! 150

Let Pompey's head suffice Pothinus' fame,
 Nor let a nobler death increase our shame!

Here paus'd the queen, and spoke in looks the rest;
 Not words alone could move his savage breast;
 Her eyes enforce her prayers; soft beauty pleads, 155
 And brib'd the judge; a night of guilt succeeds.
 Then soon for peace th' affrighted brother sought,
 And with rich gifts his reconciliation bought.

Affairs united thus, the court ordains
 A solemn feast, where joy tumultuous reigns. 160
 Here Cleopatra's genius first was shown,
 And arts till then to frugal Rome unknown.
 The hall a temple seem'd; corrupter days
 Scarce to the gods would such a structure raise.
 Rich was the fretted roof, and cover'd o'er 165
 With ponderous gold; all onyx was the floor.
 Nor marble plates alone the walls incas'd,
 Beauteous to sight, and all th' apartment grac'd
 But solid pillars of thick agate stood,
 And ebony supply'd for common wood. 170
 Ivory the doors, with Indian tortoise seen
 Inlaid, and studded emerald between.
 The beds too shone, profuse of gems, on high,
 The coverings Tyrian silk, of double dye,

Embroider'd part with gold, with scarlet part, 175
A curious mixture of Ægyptian art.

And now the croud of menial slaves appears,
Of various skin, and size, and various years.
Some swarthy Africans with frizled hair;
Black Æthiops these; and those, like Germans, fair,
With yellow locks, which, Cæsar owns, outshine
In colour ev'n the natives of the Rhine;
Beside th' unhappy youth by steel unmann'd,
And soften'd from their sex, a beardless band;
An abler train was rang'd in adverse rows, 185
Yet scarce their cheeks did the first down disclose.

The princes took their seats; amid the rest
Sat lordly Cæsar, their superior guest.
Proud Cleopatra, not content alone
T' enjoy a brother-spouse, and share his throne, 190
Had stain'd her cheeks, and arm'd with artful care
Her fatal eyes, new conquest to prepare;
Bright jewels grac'd her neck, and sparkled in her
hair.

O'ercharg'd with spoils which the Red-Sea supply'd,
Scarce can she move beneath the ponderous pride. 195
Sidonian silk her snowy breasts array'd,
Which through the net-work veil a thousand charms
display'd.

Here might be seen large oval tables, wrought
Of citron from Atlantic forests brought,
Their tressels ivory; not so rich a sort 200
Was Cæsar's prize in vanquish'd Juba's court.

Blind ostentatious madness! to display
 Your wealth, to whom ev'n civil war's a play,
 And tempt an armed guest to seize the prey!
 Grant riches not the purpose of his toil, 205
 Nor with rapacious arms to hunt for spoil,
 Think him a hero of that chaster time,
 When poverty was praise, and gold a crime;
 Suppose Fabricius present at the show,
 Or the rough consul chosen from the plough, 210
 Or virtuous Curius; each would wish to come
 With such a triumph back to wondering Rome.

What earth and air, the sea and Nile afford,
 In golden vessels heaps the plenteous board;
 Whate'er ambitious luxury could find 215
 Through the search'd globe, and more than want
 enjoin'd;
 Herds of Ægyptian gods, and fowl of various kind.
 In crystal ewers Nilus supplies around
 His purest streams; vast glittering bowls abound
 With wine from Meroë's isle, whose noble age, 220
 Fermenting, sparkles with ungovern'd rage:
 With twisted wreaths, which fragrant flowers compose,
 Delightful nard, and ever-blooming rose,
 They crown their brows; and strow their oily hair
 With spice from neighbouring fields, not yet expir'd
 in air. 225

Here Cæsar learns the fruitful world to drain,
 While conscious thoughts his secret soul arraign;
 Blushing

Blushing he inward mourns the dire debate
 With his poor son, but mourns, alas! too late,
 And longs for war with Ægypt's wealthy state. 230 }

At length, the tumult of the banquet o'er,
 When sated luxury requir'd no more,
 Cæsar protracts the silent hours of night,
 And, turning to Achoreus cloath'd in white,
 High on a lofty couch—Say, holy seer! 235
 Whose hoary age thy guardian gods revere,
 Devoted to their rites! wilt thou relate
 The rise and progress of the Pharian state?
 Describe the land's extent, what humours sway
 The people's minds, and to what powers you pray, }
 What customs keep, and what devotion pay.
 Whate'er your ancient monuments contain,
 Produce to light, and willing gods explain.
 If Plato once obtain'd a like request,
 To whom your fires their mystic rites confess, 245
 This let me boast, perhaps you have not here
 A meaner guest, or less judicious ear.
 Fame of my rival led me first, 'tis true,
 To Ægypt's coast, yet join'd with fame of you.
 I still had vacant hours amidst my wars, 250
 To read the heavens, and to review the stars;
 Henceforth all calendars must yield to mine,
 And ev'n Eudoxus shall the palm resign.
 But more than all, the love of truth, which fires
 My glowing breast, an ardent wish inspires 255
 To learn, what numerous ages ne'er could know,
 Your river's source, and causes of it's flow.

Indulge my hope Nile's secret birth to view,
No more in arms I'll civil strife pursue.

He paus'd; when thus Achoreus made reply; 260
Ye reverend shades of our great ancestry!
While I to Cæsar nature's works explain,
And open stores yet hid from eyes profane,
Be it no crime your secrets to reveal!
Let others hold it pious to conceal 265
Such mighty truths. I think the gods design'd
Works such as these to pass all human kind,
And teach the wondering world their laws and
heavenly mind.

At nature's birth, a various power was given
To various stars, that cross the poles of Heaven, 270
And slack the rolling sphere. With sovereign rays
The Sun divides the months, the nights, the days;
Fix'd in his orb the wandering course restrains
Of other stars, and the great dance ordains.
The changeful Moon intends th' alternate tides, 275
Saturn o'er ice and snowy zones presides;
Mars rules the winds, and the wing'd thunder
guides,
Jove's is a sky serene and temperate air;
The seeds of life are Venus' kindly care.
O'er spreading streams, Cyllenius, is thy reign? 280
And when that part of Heaven thou dost attain,
When Cancer with the Lion mingles rays,
And Sirius all his fiery rage displays,

Beneath

Beneath whose hot survey, deep in his bed,
 Obscure from sight, old Nilus veils his head ; 285
 When thou from thence, in thy celestial course,
 Ruler of floods, dost strike the river's source,
 The conscious streams break out, and flowing soon
 Obey thy call, as ocean does the moon ;
 Nor check their tide, till night has from the sun 290
 Regain'd those hours th' advancing summer won.

Vain was the faith of old, that melted snow
 From Æthiopian hills produc'd this flow ;
 For let the natives sun-burnt skins declare,
 That no bleak North breathes wintry tempests
 there, 295
 But vapours from the South possess the parching air.
 Besides, such torrents as by snows increase,
 Begin to swell when spring does first release
 Those wintry stores ; Nile ne'er provokes his streams,
 Till the hot Dog-star shoot his angry beams ; 300
 Nor then resumes his banks, till Libra weighs
 In equal scale the measur'd nights and days.
 Hence he the laws of other streams declines,
 Nor flows in winter, when at distance shines
 The moderate sun ; commanded to repair, 305
 In summer's heat, to cool th' intemperate air.
 When scorch'd Siene feels her Cancer's fire,
 Then lest the world, consum'd in flame, expire,
 Nile to its aid his watery forces draws,
 And swells against the Lion's burning jaws, 310
 Moist-

Moistening the plains, till Phœbus late descends
To Autumn's cooler couch, and Meroe's shade ex-
tends.

Who can the cause of such great changes read?
Ev'n so our parent Nature had decreed
Nile's constant course, and so the world has need. 315 }

As vainly too Antiquity apply'd
Th' Etesian winds to raise this wondrous tide,
Which blow at stated seasons of the year
For several days, and long possess the air;
Or thought vast clouds, which, driv'n before them fly
Beyond the South, discharg'd the burden'd sky
On Nilus' head, and thence his current swell'd;
Or that those winds the river's course repell'd,
Which stopp'd, and press'd by th' entering sea, disdains
His banks, and issuing boils along the plains. 325

Some think vast pores, and gaps in earth abound,
Where streams in silent veins creep under ground,
Led from the chilling North, the line to meet,
When pointed beams direct on Meroe beat,
While the parch'd earth a watery succour craves; 330
Then Po and Ganges roll their smother'd waves
Deep through the vaults beneath; and Nile supply'd
Discharges at one vent their mingled tide,
Nor can the gather'd flood in one straight channel
ride. }

Some think the sea, which round all lands extends 335
His liquid arms, these gushing waters sends;

That

That length of course the saltness wears away;
 Or thus; since Phœbus and the stars, we say,
 Drink ocean's streams; when, near hot Cancer's claws,
 The thirsty sun a larger portion draws, 340
 That more than air digests, attracted so,
 Falls back by night, and causes Nile to flow.

Might I in so perplex'd a cause engage,
 I think, since nature grew mature in age,
 Some waters, Cæsar, have deriv'd their birth 345
 From veins by strong convulsions broke in earth;
 And some coæval with the world began,
 And starting through appointed channels ran,
 When this whole frame th' Almighty Builder rear'd,
 Ordain'd its laws, and its first motions steer'd. 350

The kings of Greece, of Ægypt, and the East,
 Ardent like you, were with this wish possess'd,
 And every age has labour'd to attain
 The wondrous truth, but labour'd still in vain, }
 For nature lurks obscure, and mocks their pain. 355 }
 Philip's great son, whose consecrated name
 Memphis adores, the first in regal fame,
 Envious of this, detach'd a chosen band
 To range th' extreme of Æthiopia's land !
 They pass the scorching soil, and only view 360
 Where hotter streams their constant way pursue.
 The farthest West our great Sesostris saw,
 While harness'd kings his lofty chariot draw,
 Yet

Yet drank your Rhodanus and Padus first
 At both their springs, ere Nile obey'd his thirst. 365
 Cambyfes, mad with lust of power t' o'er-run
 The long-liv'd nations of the rising sun,
 To promis'd spoils a numerous army led;
 His famish'd soldiers on each other fed,
 Exhausted he return'd, nor saw great Nilus' head:—
 Nor boasting fame pretends to make it known;
 Where'er thou flow'st, thy spring 's possess'd by none,
 And not one land can call thee, Nile, her own.
 Yet what the god, who did thy birth conceal,
 Has giv'n to know, to Cæsar I 'll reveal. 375

First from the Southern pole thy stream we trace,
 Which rolling forward with a speedy pace,
 Under hot Cancer is directly driven
 Against Bootes' wain, far in the North of Heaven.
 Yet winding in thy course from east to west, 380
 Arabia now, now Libya's sands are blest
 With thy cool flood; which first the Seres spy,
 Yet seek thee too; thy current, rolling by,
 Through Æthiopia next, a stranger, flows.
 Nor can the world perceive to whom it owes 385
 Thy sacred birth, which nature hid from all,
 Lest any nation should behold thee small,
 And, covering deep thy infant head, requir'd
 That none should find what is by all admir'd.

Thou, by a law to other streams unknown, 390
 In Summer's solstice o'er thy banks art thrown,
 And bring'st in thy full tide a winter of thy own.

To

To thee alone 'tis given thy waves to roll
 Athwart the globe, enlarg'd to either pole ;
 These nations seek thy fountain, those would trace
 Thy gulph. With spacious arms thou dost embrace
 Hot Meroe, fruitful to a footy race,
 And proud of ebon woods ; yet no retreat
 Their useless shades afford to shun th' excessive heat.
 Then through the regions of the scorching sun, 400
 Not lessen'd by his thirst, thy waters run.
 O'er barren sands they take a tedious course,
 Now rolling in one tide their gather'd force ;
 Now wandering in their way, and sprinkled round,
 O'er yielding banks thy wanton billows bound. 405
 Thy channel here its scatter'd troops regains,
 Between th' Egyptian and Arabian plains,
 Where Philas bounds the realm ; with easy pace
 Thy slippery waves through desarts cut their race,
 Where Nature by a tract of land divides 410
 Our sea, distinguish'd from the Red-Sea's tides.
 Who that beholds thee here so gently flow,
 Would think thou ever could'st tempestuous grow ?
 But when o'er rugged cliffs and ways unev'n
 In steepy cataracts thou'rt headlong driv'n, 415
 Thy rushing waves, resisted, fiercer fly,
 And batter'd froth-rebounding fills the sky.
 The hills remurmur with the dashing sound,
 Thy billows ride triumphant far around,
 And rear their conquering heads with hoary ho-
 nours crown'd. 420
 Hence shaken Abatos first feels thy rage,
 And rocks, which in our great forefathers age
 Were

Were call'd the river's veins; because they show
 His first increase, and symptoms of his flow.
 Vast piles of mountains here encompass wide 425
 His streams, to Libya's thirsty land deny'd,
 Which thus inclos'd in a deep valley glide.
 At Memphis first he sees the open plains,
 Then flows at large, and his low banks disdains.

While thus secure, as if no danger nigh, 430
 Till night's black steeds had travell'd half the sky,
 They pass the hours of rest, Pothinus' mind
 From brooding mischief can no leisure find.
 Season'd in sacred blood, what crime can scare
 The wretch, that late could such a murder dare? 435
 Great Pompey's ghost dwells in his breast, 't' inspire
 New monsters there; and furies add their fire.
 He hopes ignoble hands shall wear those stains,
 Which Heaven for injur'd Roman chiefs ordains,
 And that blind fortune to a slave that day 440
 The senate's vengeance should bequeath away,
 The debt for civil war, which Cæsar once shall pay.
 But oh! ye righteous powers, exert your care!
 The guilty life in Brutus' absence spare!
 Nor let vile Ægypt, Rome's great justice boast, 445
 And this example to the world be lost!

Vain is th' attempt; yet, scorning secret snares,
 Steel'd by his crimes, the desperate villain dares,
 With open war th' unconquer'd chief provoke,
 And dooms his head already to the stroke, 450
 Designs

Designs to bid the slaughter'd father go,
 And seek his son in dreary shades below.
 Yet first he sends a trusty slave, to bear
 This hasty message to Achillas' ear,
 His partner-ruffian in great Pompey's fall;
 Whom the weak king had made his general,
 And, thoughtless of his own defence, resign'd
 A power against himself and all mankind;

Go, sluggard, to thy bed of down, and sleep,
 Thy heavy eyelids in luxurious sleep!
 While Cleopatra does the court invade,
 And Pharos is not privately betray'd,
 But giv'n away; dost thou alone forbear
 To grace the nuptials of thy mistress here?
 Th' incestuous sister shall her brother wed,
 Ally'd already to the Roman's bed,
 And sharing both by turns; Ægypt's her hire,
 Already paid, and Rome she may require.
 Could Cleopatra's sorceries decoy
 Ev'n Cæsar's age, and shall we trust a boy?
 Whom if one night she fold within her arms,
 Drunk with lewd joys, and fascinating charms,
 Whatever pious name the crime allay,
 Between each kiss, he'll give our heads away,
 And we by racks or flames must for her beauty
 pay.

In this distress fate no relief allows;
 Cæsar's her lover, and the king her spouse;
 And she herself, no doubt, the doom has past
 On us, and all who would have left her chaste.

But

304 HUGHES'S POEMS.

But by the deed which we together shar'd, 485
 In vain, if not by new attempts repair'd,
 By that strict league a hero's blood has bound,
 Bring speedy war, and all their joys confound,
 Rush boldly on; with slaughter let us stain
 Their nuptial torch; the cruel bride be slain, 485
 Ev'n in her bed, and which foe'er supplies
 In present turn the husband's place, he dies.
 Nor Cæsar's name our purpose shall appall;
 Fortune's the common mistress of us all,
 And she, that lifts him now above mankind, 490
 Courted by us, may be to us as kind.
 We share his brightest glory, and are great
 By Pompey's death, as he by his defeat.
 Look on the shore, and read good omens there,
 And ask the bloody waves what we may dare. 495
 Behold what tomb the wretched trunk supplies,
 Half hid in sand, half naked to the skies!
 Yet this was Cæsar's equal whom we slew;
 And doubt we then new glory to pursue?
 Grant that our birth's obscure; yet, shall we need 500
 Kings or rich states confederate to the deed?
 No, Fate's our own, and Fortune in our way,
 Without our toil, presents a nobler prey;
 Appease we now the Romans while we may!
 This second victim shall their rage remove 505
 For Pompey's death, and turn their hate to love.
 Nor dread we mighty names, which slaves adore;
 Stripp'd of his army what's this soldier more
 Than thou or I?—to-night then let us end
 His civil wars; to-night the fates shall send 510

A la-

A sacrifice to troops of ghosts below,
 And pay that head, which to the world they owe.
 At Cæsar's throat let the fierce soldiers fly,
 And Ægypt's youth with Rome's their force apply,
 Those for their king, and these for liberty. 515
 No more, but haste, and take the foe supine,
 Prepar'd for lust, and gorg'd with food and wine.
 Be bold, and think the gods to thee commend
 The cause, which Brutus' prayers and Cato's will de-
 fend,

To mischief swift, Achilles soon obey'd 520
 This summons, yet his sudden march betray'd
 By no loud signal, nor the trumpet's jar:
 In silent haste he led a barbarous train of war.
 Degenerate crouds of Romans fill his bands,
 So lost in vice, so chang'd in foreign lands, 525
 That they, who should have scorn'd the king's com-
 mands,

Forgetful of their country and their fame,
 Under a vile domestick's conduct came.
 No faith, no honour, can the herd restrain,
 That follow camps, and fight for sordid gain; 530
 Like ruffians brib'd, they ne'er the cause enquire,
 That side 's the just, which gives the largest hire.
 If by your swords proud Cæsar was to bleed,
 Strike for yourselves, ye slaves! nor sell the deed!
 Oh wretched Rome! where'er thy Eagle flies, 535
 New civil wars, new fury, will arise;

Ev'n on Nile's banks, far from Thessalian plains,
 Amidst thy troops their country's-madness reigns.
 What more could the bold house of Lagus dare,
 Had Pompey found a just protection there? 540
 No Roman hand 's exempt, but each must spill
 His share of blood, and Heaven's decrees fulfil.
 Such vengeful plagues it pleas'd the gods to send,
 And with such numerous wounds the Latian state to
 rend.

Not for the son or father now they fight; 545
 A base-born slave can civil arms excite,
 Achilles mingles in the Roman strife;
 And, had not Fate protected Cæsar's life,
 These had prevail'd; each villain ready stood,
 This waits without, and that within, for blood. 550
 The court, dissolv'd in feasting, open lay
 To treacherous snares, a careless easy prey.
 Then o'er the royal cups had Cæsar bled,
 And on the board had fall'n his sever'd head,
 But left, amid the darkness of the night, 555
 Their swords unconscious, in the huddled fight,
 Might slay the king, the slaves awhile took breath,
 And slipp'd th' important hour of Cæsar's death.
 They thought to make him soon the loss repay,
 And fall a sacrifice in open day. 560
 One night is given him; by Pothinus' grace
 He sees the sun once more renew his race.

Now

Now the fair morning-star began to show
 The sign of day from Cassia's lofty brow,
 And ev'n the dawn made sultry Ægypt glow. 565
 When from afar the marching troops appear,
 Not in loose squadrons scatter'd here and there,
 But one broad front of war, as if that day
 To meet an equal force, and fight in just array.
 While Cæsar thinks not the town-walls secure, 570
 He bars the palace-gates, compell'd t' endure
 Th' inglorious siege, and in a corner hide
 Inclos'd, nor dares to the whole court confide.
 In haste he arms his friends; his anxious breast,
 Now fir'd with fury, now with doubt deprest, 575
 Much fears th' assault, yet more that fear disdains;
 So when some generous savage, bound with chains,
 Is shut within his den, he howls with rage,
 And breaks his teeth against the massy cage:
 And thus, if by new weight of hills impos'd 580
 Sicilian Ætna's breathing jaws were clos'd,
 Ev'n thus th' imprison'd god of fire would rave,
 And drive his flames rebellowing round the cave.
 Behold the man, who lately scorn'd to dread
 The senate's army to just battle led, 585
 The flower of Roman lords, and Pompey at their
 head, }
 Who, in a cause forbidden hope, could trust
 That Providence for him should prove unjust,
 Behold him now oppress'd, forlorn of aid,
 Driv'n to a house, and of a slave afraid! 590
 He, whom rough Scythians had not dar'd abuse,
 Nor savage Moors, who barbarously use

308 HUGHES'S POEMS.

In sport, to try inhospitable arts
 On strangers bound, their living mark for darts;
 Though Rome's extended world, though India join'd }
 With Tyrian Gades seems a realm confin'd,
 A space too scanty to his vaster mind,
 Now, like a boy or tender maid, he flies,
 When sudden arms th' invaded works surprize;
 He traverses the court, each room explores, 600
 His hope is all in bars and bolted doors.
 Yet doubtful while he wanders here and there,
 He leads the captive king his fate to share, }
 Or expiate that death the slaves for him prepare.
 If darts or missive flames shall fail, he'll throw 605
 Their sovereign's head against th' advancing foe.
 So, when Medea fled her native clime,
 And fear'd just vengeance on her impious crime,
 With ready steel the cruel forcerefs stood,
 To greet her father with her brother's blood, 610
 Prepar'd his head, to stop, with dire affright,
 A parent's speed, and to assure her flight.

Yet Cæsar, that unequal arms might cease,
 Suspends his fury, and essays a peace.
 A herald from the king is sent, t' assuage 615
 His rebel servants, and upbraid their rage,
 And in their absent Tyrant's name t' enquire
 The secret author of this kindled fire.
 But, scornful of reproach, th' audacious crew
 The sacred laws of nations overthrew, 620 }
 And for his speech the royal envoy flew.

In-

Inhuman deed! that swells the guilty score
 Of Ægypt's monsters, well increas'd before.
 Not Thessaly, not Juba's savage train,
 Pharnaces' impious troops, not cruel Spain, 625
 Nor Pontus, nor the Syrtes' barbarous land,
 Dar'd an attempt like this voluptuous band.

Th' attack is form'd, the palace closely pent;
 Huge javelins to the shaken walls are sent,
 A storm of flying spears; yet from below 630
 No battering rams resistless drive the blow,
 No engine's brought, no fires; the giddy croud
 In parties roam, and with brute clamours loud,
 In several bands their wasted strength divide,
 And here and there to force an entrance try'd; 635
 In vain, for Fortune fights on Cæsar's side.

Then, where the palace 'midst surrounding waves
 Projects luxuriant, and their fury braves,
 The ships too their united force apply,
 And swiftly hurl the naval war on high. 640
 Yet, present every where with sword or fire,
 Cæsar th' approaches guards, and makes the foes re-
 tire.

To all by turns he brings successful aids,
 Inverts the war, and, though besieg'd, invades.
 Fireballs, and torches dress'd with unctuous spoil 645
 Of tar combustible, and frying oil,
 Kindled he launch'd against the fleet; nor slow
 The catching flames invest the smouldering tow.

310 HUGHES'S POEMS.

The pitchy planks their crackling prey become;
The painted sterns, and rowers seats consume. 654
There, hulks half-burnt sink in the main; and here,
Arms on the waves and drowning men appear.

Nor thus suffic'd, the flames from thence aspire,
And seize the buildings with contagious fire.
Swift o'er the roofs by winds increas'd, they fly; 655
So shooting meteors blaze along the sky,
And lead their wandering course with sudden glare,
By sulphurous atoms fed in fields of thinnest air.

Affrighted crouds the growing ruin view;
To save the city from the siege they flew, 660
When Cæsar, wont the lucky hour to chuse
Of sudden chance in war, and wisely use,
Lost not in slothful rest the favouring night,
But shipp'd his men, and sudden took his flight.
Pharos he seiz'd, an island heretofore, 665
When prophet Proteus Ægypt's sceptre bore,
Now by a chain of moles contiguous to the shore.
Here Cæsar's arms a double use obtain;
Hence from the straiten'd foe he bars the main,
While to his friends th' important harbour lies 670
A safe retreat, and open to supplies.
Nor longer now the doom suspended stands,
Which Justice on Pothinus' guilt demands.
Yet not as guilt, unmatch'd like his, requires,
Not by the shameful cross, or torturing fires, 675
Nor torn by ravenous beasts, the howling wretch
expires.

The

The sword dishonour'd did his head divide,
 And by a fate like Rome's best son he dy'd.
 Arsinoe now, by well-concerted snares
 'Scap'd from the palace, to the foe repairs; 680
 The trusty Ganymede assists her flight.
 Then o'er the camp she claim'd a sovereign's right;
 Her brother absent, she assumes the sword,
 And frees the tyrant from his household lord;
 By her just hand Achilles meets his fate, 685
 Rebel accurs'd! in blood and mischief great!
 Another victim, Pompey, to thy shade;
 But think not yet the full atonement made,
 Though Ægypt's king, though all the royal line
 Should fall, thy murmuring ghost would still repine;
 Still unreveng'd thy murder would remain,
 Till Cæsar's purple life the senate's swords shall stain.

Nor does the swelling tempest yet subside.
 The chief remov'd that did its fury guide,
 To the same charge bold Ganymede succeeds, 695
 Prosperous awhile in many hardy deeds.
 So long th' event of war in balance lay,
 So great the dangers of that doubtful day,
 That Cæsar from that day alone might claim
 Immortal wreaths, and all the warrior's fame. 700

Now while to quit the straiten'd mole he strove,
 And to the vacant ships the fight remove,
 War's utmost terrors press on every side;
 Before the strand besieging navies ride;

Behind, the troops advance. No way is seen 705
 T' escape, or scarce a glorious death to win.
 No room with slaughter'd foes to strew the plain,
 And bravely fall amidst a pile of slain.
 A captive to the place he now appears,
 Doubtful if death should move his hope, or fears. 710
 In this distress a sudden thought inspir'd
 His hardy breast, by great examples fir'd;
 Bold Scæva's action he to mind recalls,
 And glory won near fam'd Dyrrachium's walls;
 Where, whilst his men a doubtful fight maintain, 715
 And Pompey strove the batter'd works to gain,
 Amidst a field of foes, that hemm'd him round,
 Alone the brave Centurion kept his ground.

• • • • •
 • • • • •

• • Here the original poem breaks off abruptly,
 having been left unfinished by the author.

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C.O.N.

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